

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
ELIJAH FENTON.

WITH
THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Cooke's Edition.

Strong were thy thoughts, yet reason bore the sway,
Humble yet learn'd; tho' innocent yet gay:
So pure of heart, that thou might'st safely show
Thy inmost bosom to thy basest foe:
Careless of wealth, thy bliss a calm retreat,
Far from the insults of the scornful great--
O Woods! O Wilds! O ev'ry bow'ry shade!
So often vocal by his music made,
Now other sounds---far other sounds, return,
And o'er his hearse with all your echoes mourn--
Where were ye, Muses! by what fountain side,
What river, sporting, when your favourite died?
He knew by verse to chain the headlong floods,
Silence loud winds, or charm attentive woods.

BROOMF.

EMBELLISHED WITH SUPERB ENGRAVINGS.

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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
ELIJAH FENTON.

CONTAINING HIS

MISCELLANIES,	TALES,
EPISTLES,	TRANSLATIONS,
ODES,	IMITATIONS,
&c. &c. &c.	

A Poet blest beyond the Poets' fate,
Whom Heaven kept sacred from the proud and great:
Free to loud praise, and friend to learned ease,
Content with silence in the vale of peace:
Calmly he look'd on either life, and here
Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear.
From Nature's temp'rate feast rose satisf'd,
Thank'd Heaven that he had liv'd, and that he died.

London:
PRINTED AND EMBELLISHED
Under the Direction of
G. COOKE.

LIFE OF FENTON.

THE only sources from which intelligence can be derived respecting the life of Elijah Fenton, are the narratives of Jacob and Shiels, methodised by Dr. Johnson; whence it appears, that he was descended from an ancient and honourable family, at Shelton, near Newcastle-under-line, in the county of Stafford. His father possessed a considerable estate; but our author, being a younger son, and thereby precluded from heirship; was trained up for some respectable profession, and having made the necessary progress in classical learning at the grammar school, was entered a student of Jesus College, Cambridge; but as he retained an attachment to the family of the Stewarts which had abdicated the throne; doubted the legality of the government then existing; and, from conscientious motives, refused to qualify himself for public employment, by taking the preparatory oaths, he left the university without a degree, though the enthusiasm of opposition never impelled him to a separation from the established religion.

By an inflexible perseverance in principles opposite to Government, he was excluded the line of ecclesiastical promotion, and reduced to a very circumscribed and precarious mode of existence; yet he preserved a character unsullied, and never turned aside from the path of rectitude; insomuch that his name was always mentioned with honour, even by those who were most sanguine in their opposition to his political principles.

As obscurity is the inseparable attendant on poverty, the incidents of his life cannot be accurately traced from year to year, nor the means ascertained from which he derived a support. It is known, however, and known to his honour, that he was secretary

to Charles, Earl of Ossory, and tutor to his son, the renowned translator of Pliny, who afterwards mentioned him with great affection and esteem. He was some time master of the Free-School, at Sevenoaks, in Kent, but quitted that situation in 1710, through the persuasion of Mr. St. John, (afterwards Lord Bolingbroke,) who made him promises of a more honourable and profitable employment.

In process of time, as he became more and more attached to the Muses, whom he had courted from early life, he became also more moderate in his political opinions; for though a nonjuror, he was lavish in his eulogiums on Queen Anne, in his "Verses on the Union;" and extolled the name of Marlborough, when he had attained the summit of his glory in 1707, beyond the very echo of applause. Nor did he only celebrate the victories of that renowned conqueror, but testified his regard for the family in his "Florelia," an Elegiac Pastoral on the death of his son, the Marquis of Blandford; in which Dr. Johnson observes, "he could be prompted only by respect or kindness; for neither the Duke nor Dutchess desired the praise, or liked the cost of patronage."—By the success of his poetry, he acquired the esteem of the literati of his time; by the suavity of his manners, he was beloved wherever he was known, and there are lasting monuments of his friendship with Southey and Pope.

In 1709 he published a collection of poems, entitled, "The Oxford and Cambridge Verses;" in which are included, some pieces of his own; besides an elegant dedication to Lionel, Earl of Dorset and Middlesex. In 1716 he produced his "Ode to Lord Gower," which rose into the highest degree of public estimation, being stamped with the approbation of Pope, who pronounced it the best Ode in the English language to Dryden's "Alexander's Feast." But the services of Pope to our author, were not confined to

mere

mere encomiums on his works; for, by the recommendation of that much esteemed bard, he was placed in 1719, in a station that might have been attended with great honour and emolument. Mr. Secretary Craggs, the friend of Addison as well as Pope, had applied to the latter to procure him a man of talents, to assist him in the very weighty department of administration to which he had been lately appointed. Pope recommended Fenton, in whom the Secretary found all that he wanted in a literary companion, and our author had now a prospect of ease and plenty, for as Dr. Johnson observes, "Fenton had merit and Craggs had generosity." But the pleasing expectation was soon put an end to by the premature death of Mr. Secretary Craggs, who fell a victim to the small pox, Feb. 16, 1720, though his memory is perpetuated by the following epitaph from the matchless pen of his friend Pope.

"Statesman, yet friend to truth, of soul sincere,
 In action faithful, and in honour clear;
 Who broke no promise, say'd no private end,
 Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend,
 Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd,
 Prais'd, wept, and honour'd, by the Muse he lov'd."

Fenton and Broome were engaged as assistants to Pope in the translation of Homer's *Odyssey*. He took only twelve books of that poem to himself, and distributed the other twelve between his associates. The books allotted to Fenton were the first, the fourth, the nineteenth, and the twentieth; Fenton did not take the eleventh book, because he had previously translated it into blank verse; neither did Pope reserve it for himself, but committed it to Broome, who translated that with the second, sixth, eighth, twelfth, sixteenth, eighteenth, and twenty-third books, and also wrote all the notes. In what manner the two associates executed their several parts, is well known to the judges of poetry; who, according to the observation of Dr. Johnson, "have never been able to distinguish their books from those of Pope,"—a plain proof of equal competency. In

In 1723, Fenton produced his tragedy of "Mariamne," in which he is supposed to have been assisted by Southerne, with many hints as to incident and stage effect, which the long theatrical experience of that dramatic writer naturally suggested.

When this tragedy was presented to Colley Cibber, the monarch of the stage in that day, he not only rejected it, but added insolence to illiberality, advising the author to direct his attention to some industrious pursuit, in order to obtain that subsistence which he in vain expected from his poetical efforts. But the event proved the ability of Fenton for the undertaking, and impeached the judgment and candour of the manager; for the tragedy was performed at the other theatre with universal applause, inasmuch that the profits accruing to the author, amounted to near a thousand pounds; which he appropriated to the discharge of a debt, incurred by procuring many expensive articles, for supporting an appearance necessary for his attendance at court.

This tragedy is founded on the story of Herod and Mariamne, related in the Spectator, and taken from Josephus. "Mariamne," says Dr. Johnson, "is written in lines of ten syllables, with few of those redundant terminations which the drama not only admits, but requires, as more nearly approaching to real dialogue. The tenor of his verse is so uniform that it cannot be thought casual, and what principle he so constructed it, is difficult to discover." The Doctor relates the following anecdote, brought to his recollection by the mention of this play.

"Fenton," says the Doctor, "was one day in the company of Broome his associate, and Ford a clergyman, at that time too well known, whose abilities, instead of furnishing convivial merriment to the voluptuous and dissolute, might have enabled him to excel among the virtuous and the wise. They determined

LIFE OF FENTON.

all to see "The Merry Wives of Windsor," which was acted that night; and Fenton, as a dramatic poet took them to the stage door, where the door-keeper inquiring "What they were," was told they were "very necessary men;—Ford, Broome, and Fenton," as composing a part of the characters in the comedy: and it is to be observed, that the name in the play, which Pope referred to *Brook*, was then *Broome*.

Fenton afterwards published an edition of Milton's poems, to which he prefixed a short and elegant account of Milton's life, written, as acknowledged by Dr. Johnson, at once with tenderness and integrity. In 1729 he published a very elegant edition of the works of Waller, with notes upon the whole useful and entertaining, but in the Doctor's opinion too much extended by long quotations from Clarendon, and he justly observes, that illustrations drawn from a book so easily consulted, should be made by reference rather than transcription.

The last kind office done to our author by his good friend Pope, was a recommendation of him to Lady Trumbal, sister of Sir William Trumbal, to superintend the education of her son, whom he first directed in his prelliminary studies at home, and then attended to Cambridge. To recompense the fidelity with which he discharged the important office entrusted to his care, the Lady afterwards detained him in her family at East-hampton, in Berkshire, as auditor of her accounts.—By this means he passed the remainder of his life, in pleasing retirement, though he sometimes varied the scene, by coming to London and enjoying the conversation of his friends. He died at the seat of Lady Trumbal, 1730, and Pope, who had always been his friend, as the last token of respect, wrote the following epitaph.

"This modest stone, what few vain marbles can,
 " May truly say, Here lies an honest man;
 " A poet blest'd, beyond the poet's fate,
 " Whom heaven kept sacred from the proud and great;
 " For to loud praise, and friend to learned ease,
 " Content with silence in the vale of peace.

Calmly

" Calmly he look'd on either life, and he
 " Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear;
 " Thank'd heav'n that he had liv'd, and that."

"Fenton," says Dr. Johnson, "was ~~not~~ bulky, inclining to corpulence, which he did not lessen by much exercise, for he was very sluggish and sedentary, rose late, and when he had risen sat down to his books or papers: a woman that once waited on him at his lodging, told him, as she said, that he would "lie a-bed and be fed with a spoon." This however was not the worst that might have been prognosticated, for Pope says, in his letters, that he died of indolence, but his immediate distemper was the gout.

He bore an excellent character, and was universally esteemed for his tenderness and humanity; as an instance of which, we transcribe a story related by a writer of his life, prior to Dr. Johnson. He used, in the latter part of his time, to pay his relations in the country a yearly visit. At an entertainment, made for the family, by his elder brother, he observed that one of his sisters who had married unfortunately, was absent, and found, upon inquiry, that distress had made her thought unworthy of invitation. As she was at a great distance, he refused to sit at the table till she was sent for, and when she had taken her place, was careful to shew her particular attention.

We cannot do greater justice to the character of Fenton, than by making the following extracts from writers of such eminence as Pope, the first of English Poets; and the Earl of Orrery, the elegant translator and rival of Pliny.

Pope, in a letter to Broome, soon after the death of Fenton, writes thus: "All I hear is that he felt a gradual decay, though so early in life, and was declining for five or six months. It was not, I apprehend a gout in his stomach, but I believe rather a complication, first of gross humours, (as he was naturally cor-

pulent,) not discharging themselves; for he used no sort of exercise. No man better bore the approaches of his dissolution, (as I am told) or with less ostentation, yet ^{more} ~~less~~ his being. The great modesty, ^{as} ~~which~~ you know was natural to him, and the great contempt for all sorts of vanity and parade, never appeared more than in his last moments. He had a conscious satisfaction (if I may so say) in acting right, in feeling himself honest, true, and unpretending to more than was his own. So he died, as he lived, with secret, yet sufficient contentment.

"As to his other affairs, he died poor, but honest, leaving no debts or legacies, except of a few pounds to Mr. Trumbal and my Lady; in token of respect, gratitude and mutual esteem. I shall with pleasure, take upon me to draw this aimable, quiet, deserving, unpretending christian, and philosophical character, in his epitaph.

"I conclude with you from my heart, on the loss of so valuable a man, and a friend to us both. Now that he is gone, I must tell you he has done you many a good office; and set your character in the fairest light, to some who either mistook you or knew you not. I doubt not, he has done the same for me. Let us love his memory, and profit by his examples." Such is the testimony of Pope.

"Mr. Fenton," says Lord Orrery, in a letter to a friend, dated in 1736, ~~was~~ ^{was} my tutor: he taught me to read English, and attended me through the Latin tongue from the age of seven to thirteen years. When I became a man, a constant and free friendship subsisted between us. He translated double the number of books in the *Odyssy* that Pope has owned. His reward was a trifle, an arrant trifle. He has even told me, that he thought Pope feared him more than he loved him. He had no opinion of Pope's heart, and declared him to be, in the words of Bishop Atterbury, '*mens curva, in corpore*

corpore curvo *.' Poor Fenton died of a great chair, and two bottles of port a-day. He was one of the worthiest and most modest men that ever belonged to the court of Apollo. Tears arise when I think of him, though he has been dead many years.' Thus writes Lord Orrery, one of the greatest philosophers of his age and nation.

Though Dr. Johnson does justice to the moral character of Fenton, with his usual unreasonably fastidiousness, he withholds it from his literary character. That rigid critic, with an asperity which seems to have been interwoven with his nature, comments on his work with brevity, and in such a manner as by no means to prejudice the reader in his favour, or induce him to think that our author surpassed mediocrity. We shall give the words of the critic, and leave our readers to form their own judgment.

"The Ode to the Sun is written upon a common plan, without uncommon sentiments; but its greatest fault is its length. No poem should be long of which the purpose is only to strike the fancy, without enlightening the understanding by precept, ratiocination, or narrative. A blaze first pleases, and then is the sight.

"Of Florelia it is sufficient to say, that it is an occasional pastoral; which implies something neither natural nor artificial, neither comic nor serious.

"The next Ode is irregular, and therefore defective. As the sentiments are pious, they cannot easily be new; for what can be added to topics on which successive ages have been employed?

"Of the Paraphrase on Isaiah nothing very favourable can be said. Sublime and solemn prose gains little by a change to blank verse; and the paraphrase

* A crooked mind in a crooked body.

has

has deserted his original, by admitting his images not Asiatic, at least not Judaical :

----- Returning Peace,
Dove-ey'd, and rob'd in white.

“ Of his petty poems some are very trifling, without any thing to be praised either in thought or expression. He is unlucky in his competitions ; he tells the same idle tale with Congreve, and does not tell it so well. He translates from Ovid the same epistle as Pope, but, I am afraid, not with equal happiness.

“ To examine his performances one by one would be tedious. His translation from Homer into blank verse will find few readers, while another can be had in rhyme. The piece addressed to Lambarde, is no disagreeable specimen of epistolary poetry ; and his Ode to Lord Gower was pronounced by Pope the next ode in the English language to Dryden's Cecilia. Fenton may be justly styled an excellent versifier and a good poet.” From this very concession of Johnson, which he concludes his critique, we may justly infer, that the works of Fenton, taken in general, possess more merit, and are entitled to more approbation, than the rigid censor was disposed to allow them.

“ It would be tedious to examine his performances in general ; we shall therefore only advert to those which we conceive to exhibit the most striking proofs of his poetical talents. As a specimen of ease and elegance in lyric poetry, we select the first and second stanzas of his Ode to John Lord Gower, written in the spring of 1716.

“ O'er Winter's long inclement sway,
At length the lussy spring prevails ;
“ And, swift to meet the smiling May,
Is wafted by the western gales.
“ Around him dance the rosy Hours,
“ And, damasking the ground with flowers,
“ With ambient sweets perfume the morn :
“ With shadowy verdure flourish'd high,
“ A sudden youth the groves enjoy,
“ Where Philomel laments forlorn.

---" By her awak'd, the woodland choir
 " To hail the coming god prepares ;
 " And tempts me to resume the lyre,
 " Soft warbling to the vernal air
 " Yet once more, O ye Muses! deign
 " For me, the meanest of your train,
 " Unblam'd t' approach your blest retreat ;
 " Where Horace wantons at your spring,
 " Whose notes th' Aonian hills repeat."

How beautifully our author depicts the various gifts of Nature, as dispersed through various climes, in the following lines extracted from his epistle to Thomas Lambarde, Esq.

" Nature permits her various gifts to fall
 " On various climes, nor smiles alike on all
 " The Italian vales eternal verdure wear,
 " And flowers spontaneous crown the smiling ear ;
 " But who manures a wild Norwegian hill,
 " To raise the jasmine or the coy jonquil ?
 " Who finds the peach among the savage flocks,
 " Or in bleak Scythia seeks the blushing rose ?
 " Here golden grain waves o'er the teeming fields,
 " And there the vine her racy purple yields,
 " High on the cliff the British oak ascends,
 " To survey the seas her power defends ;
 " Her sovereign title to the flag she proves,
 " Scornful of sister India's spicy groves."

Many other passages might be cited to prove that the poems of Fenton, are characterised by elegance of diction, elevation of sentiment, and harmony of numbers ; but this it is presumed will appear evident on deliberate and candid perusal of his works.



MISCELLANIES.

TO THE RIGHT HON.

CHARLES EARL OF ORRERY:

THESE POEMS

Are most humbly dedicated,

BY HIS LORDSHIP'S

Most obliged and most obedient servant,

E. FENTON.

THE WISH

TO THE NEW YEAR, 1705.

JANUS! great leader of the rolling year,
Since all that's past no vows can e'er restore
But joys and griefs alike, once hurried o'er,
No longer now deserve a smile or tear;
Close the fantastic scenes—but grace 5
With brightest aspects thy fore-face,
While 'Time's' new offspring hasten to appear.
With lucky omens guide the coming Hours,
Command the circling Seasons to advance, 9
And form their renovated dance [powers.
With flowing pleasures fraught, and blest'd by friendly
Thy month, O Janus! gave me first to know
A mortal's trifling joys and sorrow;
My race of life began with thee.
Thus far from great misfortunes free, 15
Contented, I my lot endure,
Nor Nature's rigid laws arraign,
Nor spurn a common ill in vain,
Which folly cannot shun, nor wise reflection cure.
But, oh! more anxious for the year to come, 20
I would foreknow my future doom.
Then tell me, Janus, canst thou spy
Events that yet in embryo lie,
For me, in Time's mysterious womb?

- Tell me, nor shall I dread to hear
 A thousand accidents severe;
 I'll fortify my soul the load to bear,
 If love rejected add not to its weight,
 To finish me in woes, and crush me down with fate.
- But if the goddess in whose charming eyes, 30
 More clearly written than in Fate's dark book,
 My joy, my grief, my all of future fortune lies;
 If she must with a less propitious look
 Forbid my humble sacrifice,
 Or blast me with a killing frown;
 If, Janus, this thou seest in store,
 Cut short my mortal thread, and now
 Take back the gift thou didst bestow!
 Here let me lay my burden down,
 And cease to love in vain, and be a wretch no more. 40



FLORELIO. A PASTORAL.

Lamenting the Death of the

MARQUIS OF BLANDFORD,

ASK not the cause why all the tuneful swain,
 Who us'd to fill the vales with tender strains,
 In deep despair neglect the warbling reed,
 And all their bleating flocks refuse to feed :
 Ask not why greens and flow'rs so late appear
 To clothe the glebe, and deck the springing year;
 Why sounds the lawn with loud laments and cries,
 And swells with tears to floods the riv'lets rise :
 The fair Florelia now has left the plain, [swain.
 And is the grief, who was the grace, of ev'ry British
 For thee, lov'd youth ! on ev'ry vale and lawn, 11
 The nymphs, and all thy fellow-shepherds moan :
 The little birds now cease to sing and love,
 Silent they sit, and droop in ev'ry grove :
 No mounting lark now warbles on the wing, 15
 Nor linnets chirp to cheer the sullen spring :
 Only the melancholy turtles coo,
 And Philomel by night repeats her woe.
 O, charmer of the shades ! the tale prolong,
 Nor let the morning interrupt thy song ; 20
 Or softly tune thy tender notes to mine ;
 Forgetting Térésus, make my sorrows thine.
 Now the dear youth has left the lonely plain, [swain.
 And is the grief, who was the grace, of ev'ry British
 Say, all ye shades ! where late he us'd to rest, 25
 If e'er your beds with lovelier swain were prest ?
 Say, all ye silver Streams ! if e'er ye bore
 The image of so fair a face before ?
 But now, ye streams ! assist me whilst I mourn,
 For never must the lovely swain return ; 30
 And as those flowing tears increase your tide,
 Be ye as swift for the shepherd as ye glide !
 Be sure, ye rocks ! while I my grief disclose,
 Let your sad echoes lengthen out my woes :

Ye breezes! bear the plaintive accent on, 35
 And, whisp'ring, tell the floods Florelia's gone;
 For ever gone, and left the lonely plain,
 And is the grief, who was the grace, of ev'ry British
 swain.

Ripe strawberries for thee, and peaches, grew,
 Sweet to the taste, and tempting red to view: 40
 For thee the rose put sweeter purple on,
 Preventing, by her haste, the summer sun:
 But now the flow'rs all pale and blighted lie,
 And in cold sweats of sickly maldew die:
 Nor can the bees suck from the shrivell'd blooms 45
 Ethereal sweets, to store their golden combs.

Oft on thy lips they would their labour leave,
 And sweeter odours from thy mouth receive;
 Sweet as the breath of Flora when she lies
 In Jasinine shades, and for young Zephyr sighs: 50
 But now those lips are cold; relentless Death [breath.
 Hath chill'd their charms, and stopp'd thy balmy
 Those eyes, where Cupid tipp'd his darts with fire,
 And kindled in the coldest nymphs desire,
 Robb'd of their beams, in everlasting night 55
 Are clos'd, and give us woes as once delight;

And thou, dear Youth! hast left the lonely plain,
 And art the grief, who wert the grace, of ev'ry British
 And in his bow'r the dying shepherd lay, [swain.

The shepherd yet so young, and once so gay! 60
 The nymphs that swim the stream, and range the wood,
 And haunt the flow'ry meads, around him stood;
 Their tears down each fair cheek unbounded fell,
 And, as he gasp'd, they gave a sad farewell.

"Softly," they cry'd, "as sleeping flowers are clos'd:"

"By night, be thy dear eyes by death compos'd: 66

"A gentle fall may thy young beauties hare,

"And golden slumbers wait thee in the grave:

"Yearly thy hearse with garlands we'll adorn,

"And teach young nightingales for thee to mourn. 70

"Bees love the blooms, the flocks the bladed grain,

"Nor less wert thou belov'd by ev'ry swain.

"Come, Shepherds! come, perform the fun'ral due,
 "For he was ever good, and kind to you:
 "On ev'ry smoothest beech, in ev'ry grove, 75
 "In weeping characters record your love:
 "And as in mem'ry of Adonis slain,
 "When for the youth the Syrian maids complain,
 "His river, to record the guilty day,
 "With freshly bleeding purple stains the sea; 80
 "So thou, dear Cam! contribute to our woe,
 "And bid thy stream in plaintive murmurs flow;
 "Thy head with thy own willow boughs adorn,
 "And with thy tears supply the frugal urn. [lawn,
 "The swains their sheep, the nymphs shall leave the
 "And yearly on their banks renew their moan: 86
 "His mother, while they there lament, shall be
 "The queen of Love, the lov'd Adonis he:
 "On her, like Venus, all the Graces wait,
 "And he too like Adonis in his fate! 90
 "For fresh in fragrant youth he left the plain, [swain.
 "And is the grief, who was the grace, of ev'ry British
 "No more the nymphs, that o'er the brooks preside,
 "Dress their gay beauties by the crystal tide,
 "Nor fly the wintry winds, nor scorching sun, 95
 "Now he, for whom they strove to charm, is gone.
 "Oft they beneath their reedy coverts sigh'd,
 "And look'd, and long'd, and for Florelia dy'd:
 "Of him they sang, and with soft ditties strove
 "To sooth the pleasing agonies of love; 100
 "But now they roam, distracted with despair,
 "And cypress, twin'd with mournful willows, wear."
 Thus hand in hand around his grave they go,
 And saffron buds and fading lilies strow,
 With sprigs of myrtle mix'd, and scatt'ring, cry, 105
 "O sweet and soft the shepherd was! so soon decreed
 "A funeral dear remembrance of their woes,
 "His name the young anemonies disclose;
 Nor strange they should a double grief avow,
 Then Venus wept, and Pastorella now. 110

Breathe soft, ye winds ! long let them paint the plain
Unhurt, untouch'd by ev'ry passing swain.

And when, ye nymphs ! to make the garlands gay,

With which ye crown'd the Mistress of the May,

Ye shall these flowers to bind her temples take. 115

O pluck them gently for Florelia's sake !

And when thro' Woodstock's green retreats ye stray,

Or Althorp's flow'ry vales invite to play,

O'er which young Pastorella's beauties bring

Elysium early, and improve the spring ;

When ev'ning gales attentive silence keep,

And heaven its balmy dew begins to weep,

By the soft fall of ev'ry warbling stream

Sigh your sad airs, and bless the shepherd's name :

There to the tender lute attune your voice,

While hyacinths and myrtles round ye grow :

So may Sylvanus ever 'tend your bow'rs,

And Zephyr brush the mildew from the flowers !

Bid all the swans, from Can and Isis haste,

In the melodious choir to breathe their last.

O Colin, Colin ! could I there complain

Like thee, when young Philides was slain !

Thou sweet frequenter of the Muses' stream !

Why have I not thy voice, or thou my theme ?

Tho' weak my voice, tho' lowly be my lays,

They shall be sacred to the shepherd's praise

To him my voice, to him my lays, belong,

And bright Myrtilla now must live unsung :

E'en she, whose artless beauty blest'd me more

Than ever swain was blest'd by nymph before ;

While ev'ry tender sigh, to seal our bliss,

Brought a kind vow, and ev'ry vow was this :

Fair, chaste, and kind, yet now no more can move,

So much my grief is stronger than my love :

Now the dear youth has left the lonely place :

And is the grief, who was the grace, alone,

As when some cruel hind has borne away [swain

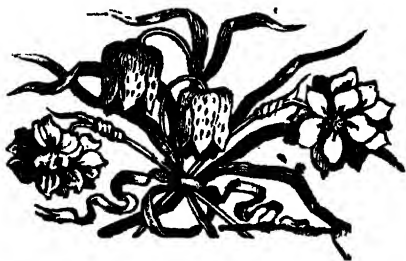
The turtle's nest, and made the young his prey,

Sad in her native grove she sits alone,

There hangs her wings, and murmurs out her mean ;

So the bright shepherdes, who bore the boy, 151
 Beneath a baleful yew does weeping lie;
 Nor can the fair, the weighty woe sustain,
 But bends, like roses crush'd with falling rain;
 Nor from the silent earth her eyes removes, 155
 That, weeping, languish like a dying dove's
 Not such her look (severe reverie of fate!)
 When little Loves in ev'ry dimple fate;
 And all the smiles delighted to resort
 On the calm heaven of her soft cheeks to sport; 160
 Soft as the clouds mild April ev'nings wear,
 Which drop fresh flow'rets on the youthful year.
 The fountain's fall can't lull her wakeful woes,
 Nor poppy garlands give the nymph repose:
 Thro' prickly brakes, and unfrequented groves, 165
 O'er hills, and dales, and craggy cliffs, she roves;
 And when she spies, beneath some silent shade,
 The daisies press'd, where late his limbs were laid,
 To the cold print, there, close she joins her face,
 And all with gushing tears bedews the grass: 170
 There, with loud plaints, she wounds the pitying skies,
 "And, oh! return, my lovely Youth!" she cries;
 "Return, Florelia! with thy wonted charms,
 "Fill the soft circle of my longing arms."—
 Cease, fair Affliction! cease; the lovely boy, 175
 In Death's cold arms, must pale and breathless lie;
 The Fates can never change their first decree,
 Or sure they would have chang'd this one for thee.
 Pan for his Syring makes eternal moan,
 Ceres her daughter lost, and thou thy son: 180
 Thy son for ever now has left the plain,
 And as the grief, who was the grace, of ev'ry British
 Adieu, ye mossy caves, and shady groves! [swain.
 Adieu, ye haunts of our successful loves:
 Adieu, ye birds, and bleating flocks! adieu; 185
 Adieu, ye fountains, and browse the bitter yew.
 No lambs alone shall be my charge to feed,
 But yearly on his grave two lambs shall bleed.
 This pledge of lasting love, dear shade! receive;
 'Tis all, alas! a shepherd's love can give; 190

But grief, from its own pow'r, will set me free,
Will send me soon a willing ghost to thee :
Cropp'd in the flow'ry spring of youth, I'll go,
With hasty joy, to wait thy shade below :
In ever-fragrant meads and jasmine bow'rs
We'll dwell, and all Elysium shall be ours ;
Where citron groves ethereal odours breathe,
And streams of flowing crystal purl beneath ;
Where all are ever young, and heav'nly fair,
As here above thy sister Graces are.



PART OF THE
FOURTEENTH CHAP. OF ISAIAH

PARAPHRASED.

NEW has th' Almighty Father, seated high
In ambient glories, from th' eternal throne
Vouchsaf'd compassion, and the afflictive power
Has broke, whose iron sceptre long had bruised
The groaning nations. Now returning Peace,
Dove-ey'd, and rob'd in white, the blissful land
Deigns to revisit; whilst beneath her steps
The soil, with civil slaughter oft manur'd,
Pours forth abundant olives. Their high tops
The cedars wave, exulting o'er thy fall,
Whose steel from the tall monarch of the grove
Sever'd the regal honours, and up tore
The scions, blooming in the parent shade.

When vehicled in flame thou slow didst pass
Prone thro' the gates of Night, the dreary realms
With loud acclaim receiv'd thee. Tyrants old
(Gigantic forms, with human blood besmear'd)
Rose from their thrones; for thrones they still possess,
Their penance and their guilt. "Art thou," they cry,
"O emulous of our crimes! here doom'd to reign
Associate of our woe? nor com'st thou girt
With livery'd slaves or bands of warrior-knights,
Which erst before thee stood, a flattering crowd,
Observant of thy brow; nor hireling choirs,
Attempt'ring to ~~to~~ harp their warbled airs,
Thy panegyric chant? but hushed in death,
Like us thou liest unwept; a corpse obscene
With dust, and ~~preying~~ worms, bare and despoil'd
Of ill-got pomp. We hail thee our compeer!"
How art thou with diminish'd glory fall'n
From thy proud zenith! swift as meteors glide
Across the firmament of all the stars
That ~~in the firmament~~ and fairest, thou didst hope
To share divinity, or haply more,
Elevated as supreme, when o'er the north
Thy bloody banners stream'd, to rightful kings

Portending ruinous downfall: wond'rous low,
 Opprobrious and detested art thou thrown,
 Disrob'd of all thy splendours: round thee stand
 The swarming populace, and with fix'd regard 40
 Eyeing thee pale and breathless, spend their rage,
 In taunting speech, and jovial ask their friends,
 "Is this The Mighty! whose imperious yoke
 "We bore reluctant, who to desert wilds
 "And haunts of savages transform'd the marts, 45
 "And capital cities raz'd, pronouncing thrall
 "Or exile on the peerage? how becalm'd
 "The tyrant lies, whose nostrils us'd to breathe
 "Tempests of wrath, and shook establish'd thrones!"
 In solemn state the bones of pious kings, 5
 Gather'd to their great fires, are safe repos'd
 Beneath the weeping vault; but thou, a branch
 Blasted and curs'd by heaven, to dogs and fowls
 Art doom'd a banquet, mingling some remains
 With criminals unabsolv'd: on all thy race 55
 Transmitting guilt and vengeance. From thy domes
 Thy children skulk erroneous and forlorn,
 Fearing perdition, and for mercy sue
 With eyes uplift, and tearful. From thy seed
 The sceptre heaven resumes, by thee usurp'd
 By guile and force, and sway'd with lawless rage. 61



MISCELLANIES.

VERSES ON THE UNION.

THE Gaul, intent on universal sway,
 Sees his own subjects with constrain'd obey,
 And they who most his rising beams ador'd,
 Weep in their chains, and wish another lord:
 But, if the Muse not uninspir'd presage,
 Justice shall triumph o'er oppressive rage;
 His pow'r shall be reclaim'd to rightful laws,
 And all, like Savoy, shall desert his cause.
 So when to distant vales an eagle steers,
 His fierceness not disaim'd by length of years,
 From his stretch'd wing he sees the feathers fly
 Which bore him to his empire of the sky.
 Unlike, great Queen! thy steps to deathless fame;
 O best, O greatest of thy royal name!
 Thy Britons, fam'd for arts, in battle brave,
 Have nothing now to censure or to crave;
 E'en vice and factious zeal are held in awe,
 Thy court a temple, and thy life a law.
 When, edg'd with terrors, by thy vengeful hand
 The sword is drawn to gore a guilty land,
 Thy mercy cures the wound thy justice gave,
 For 'tis thy lov'd prerogative to save;
 And Victory, to grace thy triumph, brings
 Palms in her hand, with healing in her wings.
 But as mild heaven on Eden's op'ning gems
 Bestow'd the balmiest dews and brightest beams;
 So, whilst remotest climes thy influence shade,
 Britain's the darling object of thy care:
 By thy wise councils and resistless might,
 Abroad we conquer, and at home unite.
 Before thou bidd'st the distant battles cease,
 Thy piety cements domestic peace;
 Impatient of delay to vex the state,
 Thy dove brings olive ere the waves abate.
 O happy, happy Sister-lands! for ever prove
 Rivals alone in loyalty and love;
 Kindled from heaven, be your auspicious flame
 As lasting and as bright as Anna's fame!

COOKE'S EDITION OF SELECT BRITISH POETS



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MISCELLANIES.

CUPID AND HYMEN.

CUPID resign'd to Sylvia's care
His bow and quiver stor'd with dart,
Commissioning the matchless fair
To fill his shrine with bleeding hearts.

His empire thus secur'd, he flies
To sport amid th' Idalian grove,
Whose feather'd choirs proclaim the joys,
And blest'd the pleasing pow'r of Love.

The god their grateful songs engage
To spread his nets which Venus wrought,
Whilst Hymen held the golden cage,
To keep secure the game they caught.

The warblers, brisk with genial flame,
Swift from the myrtle shades repair;
A willing captive each became,
And sweetlier caroll'd in the snare.

When Hymen had receiv'd the prey,
To Cytherea's fane they flew,
Regardless, while they wing'd their way,
How fullen all the songsters grow.

Alas! no sprightly note is heard,
But each with silent grief consumes;
Tho' to celestial food preferr'd,
They, pinning, drop their painted plumes.

Cupid, afflicted at this change,
To beg her aid to Venus run;
She heard the tale, nor thought it strange,
But, smiling, thus advis'd her son:

"Pleasure grows languid with restraint;

"Tis Nature's privilege to roam:

"If you'd not have your linnets faint,

"Leave Hymen with his cage at home."

• OLIVIA.

I.

OLIVIA's lewd, but looks devout,
 And scripture-proofs she throws about,
 When first you try to win her:
 But pull your fob of guineas out;
 Fee Janny first, and never doubt
 To find the saint a sinner.

II.

Baxter by day is her delight:
 No chocolate must come in sight
 Before two morning chapters:
 But, lest the spleen should spoil her quite,
 She takes a civil friend at night
 To raise her holy raptures.

III.

Thus oft we see a glow-worm gay
 At large her fiery tail display,
 Encourag'd by the dark;
 And yet the sullen thing all day
 Snug in some lonely thicket lay;
 And hid the native spark.



THE ROSE.

SEE, Sylvia, see this new blown rof
Thy image of thy blush,
Mark h/w it finiles upon the bush,
And triumphs as it grows.
“ Oh, pluck it not! we'll come anon,”
Thou say'lt. Alas! 'twill then be gone.
Now its purple beauty's spread,
Soon it will droop and fall,
And soon it will not be at all;
No fine things draw a length of thread.
Then tell me, seems it not to say,
Come on, and crop me whilst you may?

12



A_{LA}-MODE.

MY Natter self, my heaven, my joy !
 While thus imparadis'd I lie,
 Transported in thy circling arms
 With flesh variety of charms,
 From Fate I scarce can think to crave
 A bliss but what in thee I have.
 Twelve months, my dear! have past, since thou
 Didst plight to me thy virgin vow;
 Twelve months in rapture spent! for they
 Seem shorter than St. Lucy's day : 10
 A bright example we shall prove
 Of lasting matrimonial love.

Mean-while I beg the gods to grant
 (The only favour that I want)
 That I may not survive, to see 15
 My happiness expire with thee.
 O! should I lose my dearest dear,
 By thee, and all that's good, I swear,
 I'd give myself the fatal blow,
 And wait thee to the world below. 20

When Wheedle thus to spouse in bed
 Spoke things the best he e'er had read,
 Madam, surpris'd, (you must suppose it)
 Had lock'd a Templar in the closet;
 A youth of pregnant parts and worth, 25
 To play at piquet, and so forth—
 This wag when he had heard the whole,
 Demurely to the curtain stole,
 And peeping in, with solemn tone,
 Cry'd out, " O man! thy days are done: 30
 " The gods are fearful of the worst,
 " And send me, Death, to fetch thee first;
 " To save their fav'rite from self-murder,
 " Let thus I execute thy order."
 " Hold, Sir, for second thoughts are best," 35
 The husband cry'd; " 'tis my request
 " With pleasure to prolong my life."
 " Your meaning?"—" Pray, Sir, take my wife." 3

THE PLATONIC SPELL.

- "WHENE'ER I wed," young Strephon cry'd,
 "Ye pow'rs that o'er the noose preside!
 Wit, beauty, wealth, good-humour, give,
 Or let me still a rover live;
 But if all these no nymph can share,
 Let mine, ye pow'rs! be doubly fair."
 'I thus pray'd the swain in heat of blood,
 Whilst nigh celestial Cupid stood,
 And tapping him, said, "Youth! be wise,
 And let a child for once advise.
 A faultless make, a manag'd wit,
 Humour, and riches, rarely meet:
 But if a beauty you'd obtain,
 Court some bright Phyllis of the brain;
 The dear idea long enjoy;
 Clean is the bliss, and ne'er will cloy.
 But trust me, youth! for I'm sincere,
 And know the ladies to a hair,
 Howe'er small poets whine upon it,
 In madrigal, and song, and sonnet,
 Their beauty's but a spell, to bring
 A lover to th' enchanted ring.
 Ere the sack-posset is digested,
 Or half of Hymen's taper wasted,
 The winning air, the wanton trip,
 The radiant eye, the velvet lip,
 From which you fragrant kisses stole,
 And seem'd to suck her springing soul;
 These, and the rest you coated on,
 Are nauseous or insipid grown;
 The spell dissolves, the cloud is gone,
 And Sacharissa turns to Joan."

FIRST FIT OF THE GOUT.

WELCOME, thou friendly earnest of fourscore,
 Promise of wealth, that hast along the power
 To attend the rich, unenvy'd by the poor.

Thou that dost Æsculapius deride,
 And o'er his gally-pots in triumph ride ; 5

Thou that art us'd to attend the royal throne,
 And under-prop the head that bears the crown ;

Thou that dost oft in privy council wait,
 And guard from drowsy sleep the eyes of state ;

Thou that upon the bench art mounted high, 10
 And warn'st the judges how they tread awry ;

Thou that dost oft from pamper'd prelate's toe
 Emphatically urge the pains below ;

Thou that art ever half the city's grace,
 And add'st to solemn noddles solemn pace ; 15

Thou that art us'd to sit on ladies knee,
 To feed on jellies, and to drink cold tea ;

Thou that art ne'er from velvet slipper free ;
 Whence comes this unsought honour unto me ?

Whence does this mighty condescension flow ? 20
 To visit my poor tabernacle, O—!

As Jove vouchsaf'd on Ida's top, 'tis said,
 At poor Philemon's cot to take a bed ;

Pleas'd with the poor but hospitable feast,
 Jove bid him ask, and granted his request ; 25

So do thou grant (for thou'rt of race divine)
 Begot on Venus by the god of wine.

My humble suit!—And either give me store
 To entertain thee, or ne'er see me more. 30



PROLOGUE

TO SOUTHERNE'S SPARTAN DAMP.

WHEN realms are ravag'd with invasi^v: foes,
 Each bolom with heroic ardour glows;
 Old chiefs, reflecting on their former deeds,
 Disdain to rust with batter'd invalids,
 But active in the foremost ranks appear, 5
 And leave young smock-fac'd beaux to guard the rear.
 So, to repel the Vandals of the stage,
 Our vet^{er}an bard resumes his tragic rage:
 He throws the gauntlet Otway us'd to wield,
 And calls for Englishmen to judge the field. 10
 Thus arm'd, to rescue Nature from disgrace,
 Messieurs! lay down your minstrels and grimace:
 The brawniest youths of Troy the combat fear'd
 When old Etellus in the lists appear'd.
 Yet what avails the champion's giant size, 15
 When pigmies are made umpires of the prize?
 Your fathers (men of sense, and honest bowlers)
 Disdain'd the mummery of foreign strollers:
 By their examples would you form your taste,
 The present age might emulate the past. 20
 We hop'd that art and genius had secur'd you,
 But soon facetious Harlequin allur'd you:
 The Muses blush'd to see their friends exalting
 Those elegant delights of jig and vaulting.
 So charm'd you were, you ceas'd a while to doat 25
 On consens^{io}, gargled in an eunuch's throat;
 All pleas'd to hear the chatt'ring monsters speak,
 As old wives wonder at the parson's Greek.
 Such light ragouts, and mushrooms may be good
 To whet your appetites for wholesome food; 30
 But the bold Briton ne'er in earnest dines
 Without substantial haunches and sirloins:
 In wit as well as war they give us vigour;
 Cress^{et} was lost by kickshaws and soup-meagre.
 Instead of light deserts and luscious froth, 35
 Our poet treats to-night with Spartan broth.

- To which, as well as all his former feasts,
 The ladies are the chief invited guests.
 Crown'd with a kind of Glastonbury bays,
 That bloom amid the winter of his days, 40
 He comes, ambitious in his green decline,
 To consecrate his wreath at Beauty's shrine.
 His Oroonoko never fail'd to engage
 The radiant circles of the former age :
 Each bosom heav'd, all eyes were seen to flow, 45
 And sympathize with Isabella's woe ;
 But Fate reserv'd, to crown his elder fame,
 The brightest audience for the Spartan Dam'. 48



#

TO THE SAME,

READING THE ART OF LOVE.

WHILST Ovid here reveals the various arts,
 Both how to polish and direct their darts,
 Let meaner beauties by his rule improve,
 And read these lines to gain success in love :
 But Heaven alone, that multiplies our race,
 Has power t' increase the conquests of your face.
 The Spring, before he paints the rising flowers,
 Receives mild beams and soft descending showers ;
 But Love blooms ever fresh beneath your charms,
 Tho' neither Pity weeps nor Kindness warms. 10
 The chiefs, who doubt success, assert their claim
 By stratagems, and poorly steal a name :
 The gen'rous son of Jove *, in open fight,
 Made bleeding Victory proclaim his might :
 Like him resistless, when you take the field,
 Love sounds the signal, and the world must yield. 16

AN EPISTLE

TO MR. SOUTHERN,

FROM KENT, JANUARY 28, 1710-11.

BOLD is the Muse to leave her humble cell,
 And sing to thee, who know'st to sing so well ;
 Thee ! who to Britain still preserv'st the crown,
 And mak'st her rival Athens in renown.
 Could Sophocles behold in mournful state
 The weeping Graces on Imoinda wait,
 Or hear thy Isabella's moving moan,
 Distress'd and lost for vices not her own ;
 If Envy could permit, he'd sure agree,
 To write by nature were to copy thee ;
 So full, so fair, thy images are shown,
 He by thy pencil might improve his own.
 There was an age (its memory will last)
 Before Italian airs debauch'd our taste,

In which the fable Muse with hopes and fears
 Fill'd ev'ry breast and ev'ry eye with tears :
 But where's that art which all our passions rais'd,
 And mov'd the springs of nature as it pleas'd ?
 Our poets only practise on the pit
 With florid lines, and trifling turns of wit. 20
 Howe'er 'tis well the present times can boast
 The race of Charles's reign not wholly lost.
 Thy *Renes*, immortal in their worth, shall stand
 Among the chosen classics of our land :
 And whilst our sons are by tradition taught 25
 How *Barly* spoke what thou and *Otway* wrote,
 They'll think it praise to relish and repeat,
 And own thy works inimitably great.
 • Shakespeare, the genius of our isle, whose mind
 (The universal mirror of mankind) 30
 Express'd all images, enrich'd the stage,
 But sometimes stop'd to please a barb'rous age.
 When his immortal bays began to grow,
 Rude was the language, and the humour low :
 He, like the god of Day, was always bright ; 35
 But, rolling in its course, his orb of light
 Was fully'd and obscur'd, tho' soaring high,
 With spots contracted from the nether sky.
 But whither is th' advent'rous Muse betray'd ?
 Forgive her rashness, venerable Shade ! 40
 May Spring with purple flowers perfume thy urn,
 And Avon with his greens thy grave adorn :
 Be all thy faults, whatever faults there be,
 Imputed to the times, and not to thee.
 • Some scions shot from this immortal root, 45
 Their tops much lower, and less fair the fruit.
 Jonson the tribute of my verse might claim,
 Had he not strove to blemish Shakespeare's name.
 But, like the radiant Twins that gild the sphere,
 Fletcher and Beaumont next in pomp appear : 50
 • 'Tis a fruitful vine, in blooming pride,
 Seen by superfluity destroy'd,
 But that his friend, judiciously severe,
 Prun'd the luxuriant boughs with artful care ;

- On various-sounding harps the Muses play'd, 55
 And sung, and quaff'd their nectar in the shade.
 Few Moderns in the lists with these may stand,
 For in those days were giants in the land ;
- Suffice it now by lineal right to claim, 60
 And bow with filial awe to Shakspeare's fame :
 The second honours are a glorious name.
 Achilles dead, they found no equal lord
 To wear his armour, and to wield his sword.
- An age most odious and accurs'd ensu'd,
 Discolour'd with a pious monarch's blood, 65
 Whose fall when first the Tragic Virgin saw
 She fled, and left her province to the law.
 Her merry sister still pursu'd the game ;
 Her gab was alter'd, but her gifts the same
 She first reform'd the muscles of her face, 70
 And learn'd the solemn screw for signs of grace ;
 Then circumcis'd her locks, and form'd her tone,
 By humming to a tabor and a drone ;
 Her eyes she disciplin'd precisely right,
 Both when to wink, and how to turn the white : 75
 Thus, banish'd from the stage, she gravely next
 Assum'd a cloak, and quibbled o'er a text.
- But when, by miracles of mercy shown,
 Much-suffering Charles regain'd his father's throne ;
 When peace and plenty overflow'd the land, 80
 She straight pull'd off her satin cap and band,
 Bade Wycherley be bold in her defence,
 With pointed wit, and energy of sense ;
 Eth'rege and Sedley join'd him in her cause,
 And all deserv'd, and all receiv'd, applause. 85
- Restor'd, with less success, the Tragic Muse
 Had long forgot her style by long disuse :
 She taught her Maximins to rant in rhyme,
 Mistaking rattling nonsense for sublime ;
 Till witty Buckingham reform'd her taste, 90
 And, sneering, sham'd her into sense at last :
 But now, relaps'd, she dwindles to a song,
 And weakly warbles on an eunuch's tongue ;

And with her minstrelsy may still remain,
 Till Southerne court her to be great again. 95
 Perhaps the beauties of thy Spartan dame,
 Who (long defrauded of the public fame)
 Shall, with superior majesty avow'd,
 Shine like a goddess breaking from a cloud, .
 Once more may reinstate her on the stage, 100
 Her Action graceful, and divine her rage.

Arts have their empires, and, like other states,
 Their rise and fall are govern'd by the Fates :
 They, when their period's measur'd out by time,
 Transplant their laurels to another clime. 105
 The Grecian Muse once fill'd with loud alarms
 The court of heaven, and clad the gods in arms ;
 The trumpet silent, humbly she essay'd
 The Doric reed, and sung beneath the shade ;
 Extoll'd a frugal life, and taught the swains 110
 To observe the seasons, and manure the plains :
 Sometimes in warbled hymns she paid her vow,
 Or wove Olympic wreaths for Theron's brow :
 Sometimes on flow'ry beds she lay supine,
 And gave her thoughts a loose to love and wine ; 115
 Or, in her sable stole and buskins dress'd,
 Shew'd Vice enthron'd, and virtuous kings oppress'd.

The nymph still fair, however past her bloom,
 From Greece at length was led in chains to Rome :
 Whilst wars abroad, and civil discord reign'd, 120
 Silent the beauteous captive long remain'd ;
 That interval employ'd her timely care
 To study and refine the language there.
 She views with anguish, on the Roman stage,
 The Grecian beauties weep, and warriors rage ; 125
 But most those scenes delight th' immortal maid
 Which Scipio had revis'd, and Roscius play'd.
 Thence to the pleadings of the gown she goes,
 (For Themis then could speak in polish'd prose)
 Charg'd at the bar, amid th' attentive throng 130
 She bless'd the Syren pow'r of Tully's tongue :

EPISTLES.

40 But^a when, Octavius! thy successful sword
 Was sheath'd, and universal peace restor'd,
 Fond of a monarch, to the court she came,
 And chose a numerous choir to chant his fame. 135
 First, from the green retreats and lowly plains,
 Her Virgil soar'd sublime in epic strains;
 His theme so glorious, and his flight so true,
 She with Mæonian garlands grac'd his brow;
 Taught Horace then to touch the Lesbian lyre, 140
 And Sappho's sweetness join'd with Pindar's fire.
 By Cæsar's bounty, all the tuneful train
 Enjoy'd, and sung of Saturn's golden reign:
 No genius then was left to live on praise,
 Or curs'd the barren ornaments of bays; 145
 On all her sons he cast a kind regard,
 Nor could they write so fast as he reward.
 The Muse, industrious to record his name
 In the bright annals of eternal fame,
 Profuse of favours, lavish'd all her store, 150
 And for one reign made many ages poor.
 Now from the rugged North up number'd swarms
 Invade the Latian coasts with barbarous arms;
 A race unpolish'd, but inur'd to toil,
 Rough as their heav'n, and barren as their soil: 155
 These locusts ev'ry springing art destroy'd,
 And soft Humanity before them died.
 Picture no more maintain'd the doubtful strife
 With Nature's scenes, nor gave the canvas life;
 Nor Sculpture exercis'd her skill, hence forth 160
 Her forming hand to make the marble breathe:
 Struck with despair, they stood devoid of thought,
 Less lively than the works themselves had wrought.
 On those twin sisters such disasters came,
 Tho' colours and proportions are the same 165
 In ev'ry age and clime, their beauties known
 To ev'ry language, and confin'd by none.
 But Fate less freedom to the Muse affords,
 And checks her genius with the choice of words.
 To paint her thoughts, the diction must be found 170
 Of easy grandeur and harmonious sound.

Thus when she rais'd her voice, divinely great,
 To sing the founder of the Roman state,
 The language was adapted to the song,
 Sweet and sublime, with native beauty strong; 175
 But when the 'Goths' insulting troops appear'd,
 Such dissonance the trembling virgin heard,
 Chang'd to a swan, from Tyber's troubled streams
 She wing'd her flight, and sought the silver Thames.

Long in the melancholy grove she staid, 180
 And taught the pensive Druids in the shade;
 In solemn and instructive notes they sung
 From whence the beauteous frame of nature sprung,
 Who polish'd all the radiant orbs above,
 And in bright order made the planets move; 185
 Whence thunders roar, and frightful meteors fly,
 And comets roll unbounded thro' the sky;
 Who wing'd the winds, and gave the streams to flow,
 And rais'd the rocks, and spread the lawns below;
 Whence the gay spring exults in flowery pride, 190
 And Autumn with the bleeding grape is dy'd;
 Whence summer suns imbrown the lab'ring swains,
 And shiv'ring Winter pines in icy chains;
 And prais'd the Pow'r Supreme, nor dar'd advance
 So vain a theory as that of Chance. 195

But in this isle she found the nymphs so fair,
 She chang'd her hand, and chose a softer air,
 And Love and Beauty next became her care.
 Greece, her lov'd country, only could afford
 A Venus and a Helen to record; 200
 A thousand radiant nymphs she here beheld,
 Who match'd the goddesses, and the queen excell'd:
 To immortalize their loves she long essay'd,
 But still the tongue her gen'rous toil betray'd.
 Chaucer had all that Beauty could inspire, 205
 And Surrey's numbers glow'd with warm desire:
 Both now are priz'd by few, unknown to most,
 Because the thoughts are in the language lost.
 E'en Spenser's pearls in muddy waters lie;
 Yet soon their beams attract the diver's eye. 210

Rich was their imagin'ry, till Time defac'd;
 The curious works. But Waller came at last. .
 Waller the Muse with heav'nly verse supplies,
 Smooth as the fair, and sparkling as their eyes; 214
 "All but the nymph that should redress his wrong,
 "Attend his passion, and approve his song."
 But when this Orpheus sunk, and hoary age
 Suppress'd the lover's and the poet's rage,
 To Granville his melodious lute she gave,
 Granville! whose faithful verse is Beauty's slave: 220
 "Accept this gift, my fav'rite youth!" she cried,
 "To sound a brighter theme, and sing of Hyde;
 "Hyde's and thy lovely Myra's praise proclaim,
 "And match Carlisle's and Sacharissa's fame."
 O! would he now forsake the myrtle grove, 225
 And sing of arms as late he sung of love!
 His colours and his hand alone should paint
 In Britain's queen the warrior and the saint;
 In whom conspire, to form her truly great,
 Wisdom with power, and piety with state. 230
 Whilst from her throne the streams of justice flow,
 Strong and serene, to bless the land below,
 O'er distant realms her dreaded thunders roll,
 And the wild rage of tyranny control.
 Her pow'r to quell, and pity to redress, 235
 The Maeße, the Danube, and the Rhine, confess;
 Whence bleeding Iber hopes around his head
 To see fresh olive spring, and plenty spread;
 And whilst they sound their great deliverer's fame,
 The Seine retires, and sickens at her name. 240
 O Granville! all these glorious scenes display,
 Instruct succeeding monarchs how to sway,
 And make her memory rever'd by all,
 When triumphs are forgot, and mould'ring arches
 fall.
 Pardon me, Friend! I own my Muse too free. 241
 To write so long on such a theme to thee:
 To play the critic here—with equal right
 Bid her pretend to teach Argyle to fight;

Instruct th' unerring sun to guide the year,
 And Harley by what schemes he ought to steer ; 250
 Give Harcourt eloquence t' adorn the seal,
 Maxims of state to Leeds, to Beaufort zeal;
 Try to correct what Orrery shall write,
 And make harmonious St. John more polite ;
 Teach law to Isla for the crown's support, 255
 And Jerley how to serve and grace a court ;
 Dictate soft warbling airs to Sheffield's hand,
 When Venus and her Loves around him stand ;
 In sage debates to Rochester impart
 A searching head and ever faithful heart ; 260
 Make Talbot's finish'd virtue more complete,
 High without pride, and amiably great ;
 Where Nature all her powers with Fortune join'd;
 At once to please and benefit mankind.

When cares were to my blooming youth unknown,
 My fancy free, and all my hours my own, 266
 I lov'd along the laureat grove to stray,
 The paths were pleasant, and the prospect gay ;
 But now my genius sinks, and hardly knows
 To make a couplet jinkle in the close. 270
 Yet when you next to Medway shall repair,
 And quit the Town to breathe a purer air,
 Retiring from the crowd to steal the sweets
 Of easy life in Twyden's calm retreats,
 (As Terence to his Lælius lov'd to come, 275
 And in Campania scorn'd the pomp of Rome)
 Where Lamford, form'd for business, and to please,
 By sharing, will improve your happiness ;
 In both their souls imperial reason sways,
 In both the patriot and the friend displays ; 280
 Be lov'd and prais'd by all who merit love and praise.
 With bright ideas there inspir'd anew,
 By them excited, and inform'd by you,
 I may with happier skill essay to sing
 Sublimèr notes, and strike a bolder string. 285
 Languid and dull, when absent from her cave,
 No oracles of old the Sibyl gave ;

But when beneath her sacred shrine she stood,
Her fury soon confess'd the coming god ;
Her breast began to heave, her eyes to roll,
And wondrous visions fill'd her lab'ring soul.



A LETTER

TO THE KNIGHT OF THE SABLE SHIELD.

-----Habet Bibliopola Tryphon.

MART. Lib. iv.

SIR Knight ! who know with equal skill,
 To make a poem and a pill,
 'Twas my misfortune t'other night,
 To be tormented with a spright.
 On either side his head the hair
 Seem'd bushing out, the top was bare ;
 His garb antique, but on his face
 There reign'd a sweet majestic grace ;
 Of comely port, and in his hand
 He decent wav'd a laurel wand :
 On the left foot (by which I found
 His name was on the stage renown'd)
 A sock of curious shape he wore,
 With myrtle foliage flourish'd o'er ;
 A purple buskin grac'd the right,
 And strong he stepp'd, yet lovely light.
 "Thy friendly care," he cry'd, "I crave,
 "To give me quiet in my grave ;
 "Tryphon constrains me from the dead,
 "A wizard whom I hate and dread ;
 "By him to dangle on a post,
 "I'm conjur'd up"—"Alas ! poor Ghost !"
 "A pendulum I there am made,
 "To move the leaden wheels of trade ;
 "And while each little author struts,
 "In calf-skin gilt, adorn'd with cuts,
 "Nothing, pass them off as dear,
 "As any staple classic ware.
 "Pee-s, parsons, cits, a motley tribe,
 "Flock there to purchase and subscribe,
 "While Typhon, as the gudgeons bite,
 "Chuckles to see them grow polite."
 For ends thus infamously low,
 It sure would seem as *à propos*,
 For Dennis at his door to stand,
 With a good broomstick in his hand ;

Then, should the chaps find ought amiss,
Or blame the price, the tragic Swiss
Might have his better parts employ'd,
To criticise them back and side.

46

Or is there none of all his race
Whose features would a sign-board grace?
Oft in the wizard's cell I've seen
A sorrel man, of awkward mein,
Prying with busy leer about,
As if he were the devil's scout.
I ne'er was vers'd in modish vice;
But sure those whoreson gloating eyes
Have travell'd much on love-affairs,
Between the key-hole and the stairs.
O! cheat the gibbet of a sign,
And with his head commute for mine.

45

50

When first I heard his damn'd inten.,
To Tryphon's bed by night I went,
Where he lay bless'd with dreams of gain,
Furs, scarlet, and a golden chain.
I rous'd the wretch, and weeping said
"O! take my wit, and spare my
"Urge not the wags to sneer and jape us,
"Just as of old they us'd Priapus."
But as a whelp starts up with fear,
When a bee's humming at his ear,
With upper lip elate he grins,
Whilst round the little teaser spins,
But when aloof in air it soars,
He straight forgets th' alarm, and snores;
So did his fellow-creature flight
The fleeting vision of the night.
My pray'rs were lost, tho' while I stay'd,
I smelt they strong impressions made.

55

60

70

There is a Knight who takes the field,
With Saxon pen and Sable Shield,
Who, doubtless, can relieve my ghost,
And disenchant me from the post;
Then I could rest as still as those
Whom he has drudg'd to sure repose,

75

As if he traded in the whole,
And w'th the body kill'd the soul :
To him for aid with speed repair—
“But soft ! I scent the morning air :”
Be mindful of my piteous plight,
And to my cause engage the Knight.

Now, gentle Sir ! give ear to me,
For I prescribe without a fee :
From Curll's remove the seat of war,
Encamp on t'other side the Bar ;
Level your eye at Tryphon's shop,
Another epic at him pop ;
What tho' without report it move,
Like the sure darts of Death or Love,
I know your powder is so strong,
No mortal sign can stand you long.

85

90

But if, by magic, this oppose
The volley of your verse and prose,
I'll be your 'squire and firm ally,
Write, crimp, and coax him up to buy ;
Not all the necromancer's art,
Will save it then, but hrew his heart !
What can support a shop or sign,
When two such perilous wits combine ?

95

100



TO MR. POPE.

AN IMITATION OF A GREEK EPIGRAM IN HOMER,

In which the poet supposes Apollo to have given this answer to one who inquired who was the author of the Iliad.

Ἡσίδον μὲν Ἐγών, ἰχάρατσε δὲ θεὸς Ὀμηρος.

Hæc modulabar Ego, scripsit divinus Homerus.

WHEN Phoebus and the Nine, harmonious mads,
Of old assembled in the Thespian shades,
“What theme,” they cry’d, “what high immortal air,
“Besits these harps to sound, and thee to hear?”
Reply’d the god, “Your loftiest notes employ,
“To sing young Peleus and the fall of Troy.”
The wondrous song with rapture they rehearse,
Then ask who wrought that miracle of verse.
He answer’d with a frown; “I now reveal,
“A truth that Envy bids me not conceal. 10
“Retiring frequent to this laureat vale,
“I warbled to the lyre that fav’rite tale,
“Which, unobserv’d, a wand’ring Greek, and blind,
“Heard me repeat, and treasur’d in his mind;
“And, fir’d with thirst of more than mortal praise, 15
“From me, the god of Wit usurp’d the bays.
“But let vain Greece indulge her growing fame,
“Proud with celestial spoils to grace her name;
“Yet when my arts shall triumph in the West, 20
“And the White Isle with female pow’r is blest,
“Fame, I foresee, will make reprisals there,
“And the translator’s palm to me transfer:
“With less regret my claim I now decline;
“The world will think this English Iliad mine.” 24

AN EPISTLE,

TO THOMAS LAMBARD, ESQ.

Omnia me tua delectant; sed maxime, maxima cum fides in amicitia,
consilium, gratitas, constantia; tum lepos, humanitas, literæ.

CICERO, Lib. xi. Ep. 27.

SLOW tho' I am to wake the sleeping lyre,
Yet should the Muse some happy song inspire,
Fit for a friend to give, and worthy thee,
That fav'rite verse to Lambard I decree :
Such may the Muse inspire, and make it prove, 5
A pledge and monument of lasting love !
Mean time intent the fairest plan to find,
To form the manners and improve the mind,
Me the sam'd wits of Rome and Athens please,
By Orrery's indulgence wrapt in ease, 10
Whom all the rival Muses strive to grace,
With wreaths familiar to his letter'd race :
Now Truth's bright charms employ my serious
In flowing eloquence by Tully taught; [thought,
Then from the shades of Tusculum I rove, 15
And studious wander in the Grecian grove,
While wonder and delight the soul engage,
To sound the depths of Plato's sacred page ;
Where Science in attractive fable lies,
And, veil'd, the more invites her lover's eyes. 20
Transported thence, the flow'ry heights I gain
Of Pindus, and admire the warbling train ;
Whose wings the Muse in better ages prun'd,
And their sweet harps to moral airs attun'd.
As night is tedious while, in love betray'd, 25
The wakeful youth expects the faithless maid ;
As wear, 'd hours accuse the ling'ring sun,
And heirs, impatient, wish for twenty-one ;
So dull to Horace * did the moments glide,
Till his free Muse her sprightly force employ'd, 30
To combat vice, and follies to expose,
In easy numbers, near ally'd to prose ; *

ESPISTLES.

Guilt blush'd and trembl'd when she heard him sing;
 He smil'd reproof, and tickled with his sting.
 With such a graceful negligence express, 35
 Wit, thus apply'd, will ever stand the test:
 But he who, blindly led, by whimsy strays,
 And from gross images would merit praise,
 When Nature sets the noblest stores in view,
 Affects to polish copper in Peru; 40
 So while the seas on barren sands are cast,
 The saltness of their waves offends the taste,
 But when to heaven exhal'd in fruitful rain,
 In fragrant dews they fall, to cheer the swain,
 Revive the fainting flow'rs, and swell the meagre grain.
 Be this their care who, studious of renown, 46
 Toil up th' Aonian steep to reach the crown;
 Suffice it me that (having spent my prime,
 In picking epithets, and yoking rhyme)
 To steadier rule my thoughts I now compose, 51
 And prize ideas glad in honest prose.
 Old Dryden, emulous of Cæsar's praise,
 Cover'd his baldness with immortal bays;
 And Death, perhaps to spoil poet's sport,
 Unkindly cut an Alexandrine short: 55
 His ear had a more lasting itch than mine,
 For the smooth cadence of a golden line,
 Should lust of verse prevail, and urge the man,
 To run the trifling race the boy began,
 Mellow'd with sixty winters, you might see 60
 My circk end in second infancy:
 I might ere long an awkward humour have
 To wear my bells and coral to the grave,
 Or round my room alternate take a tour;
 Now mount my hobby, then the Muse's horse. 65
 Let others wither gay, but I'd appear,
 With sage decorum in my easy chair;
 Grave as Libanius slumb'ring o'er the laws,
 Whilst gold and party zeal decide the cause.
 A nobler task our riper age affords 70
 Than scanning syllables and weighing words.

EPISTLES.

.51

To make his hours in even measures flow,
 Nor think some fleet too fast, and some too slow;
 Still equal in himself, and free to taste,
 The Now, without repining at the Past;
 Nor the vain prescience of the spleen t' employ,
 To pall the flavour of a promis'd joy;
 To live tenacious of the golden mean,
 In all events of various fate serene;
 With virtue steel'd, and steady to survey
 Age, death, disease, or want, without dismay:
 These arts, my Lambard! useful in their end,
 Make man to others and himself a friend.

Happiest of mortals he, who, timely wise,
 In the calm walks of truth his bloom enjoys;
 With books and patrimonial plenty blest,
 Health in his veins, and quiet in his breast!
 Him no vain hopes attract, no fear appals,
 Nor the gay servitude of courts enthral,
 Unknowing how to mask concerted guile
 With a false cringe, or undermining smile;
 His manners pure, from affectation free,
 And prudence shines thro' clear simplicity.
 Tho' no rich labours of the Persian loom,
 Nor the nice sculptor's art, adorn his room,
 Sleep unprovok'd will softly seal his eyes,
 And innocence the want of down supplies;
 Health tempers all his cups, and at his board
 Reigns the cheap luxury the fields afford:
 Like the great Trojan, mantled in a cloud,
 Himself unseen, he sees the lab'ring crowd,
 Where all industrious to their ruin run,
 Swift to pursue what most they ought to shun.
 Some, by the voracious thirst of gain controll'd,
 Starve in their stores, and cheat themselves for gold,
 Preserve the precious bane with anxious care,
 To vagrant lusts to feed a lavish heir:
 Others devour Ambition's glitt'ring bait,
 To sweat in purple, and repine in state;
 Devote their pow'rs to ev'ry wild extreme,
 For the short pageant of a pompous dream;

Nor can the mind to full perfection bring
 The fruits it early promis'd in the spring,
 But in a public sphere those virtues fade,
 Which open'd fair, and flourish'd in the shade: 115
 So while the Night her ebon sceptre sways,
 Her fragrant blooms the Indian plant * displays;
 But the full day the short-liv'd beauties shun;
 Elude our hopes, and sicken at the sun.

Fantastic joys in distant views appear, 120
 And tempt the man to make the rash career.
 Fame, pow'r and wealth, which glitter at the goal,
 Allure his eye, and fire his eager soul:
 For these are ease and innocence resign'd;
 For these he strips; farewell the tranquil mind! 125
 Headstrong, he urges on till vigour fails,
 And grey experience (but too late!) prevails:
 But in his ev'ning view the hoary fool,
 When the nerves slacken, and the spirits cool;
 When joy and blushing youth forsake his face, 130
 Sicklied with age, and sour with self-disgrace;
 No flavour then the sparkling cups retain,
 Music is harsh, the Syren sings in vain.
 To him what healing balm can art apply,
 Who lives diseas'd with life, and dreads to die? 135
 In that last scene, by Fate in fables dress'd,
 Thy pow'r, triumphant Virtue! is contest'd;
 Thy Vestal flames diffuse celestial light,
 Thro' Death's dark vale, and vanquish total night;
 Lenient of anguish, o'er the breast prevail, 140
 When the gay toys of flatt'ring fortune fail.
 Such, happy Twicken! (ever be thy name,
 Mourn'd by the Muse, and fair in deathless fame!)
 While the bright effluence of her glory shone,
 Were thy last hours, and such I wish my own: 145
 So cassia bruise'd exhales her rich perfumes,
 And incense in a fragrant cloud consumes.

Most spoil the boon that Nature's pleas'd to impart,
 By too much varnish, or by want of art;

By solid science all her gifts are grac'd,
 Like gems new polish'd, and with gold enchas'd.
 Votes to th' unletter'd 'squire the laws allow,
 As Rome receiv'd dictators from the plough.
 But arts, address, and force of genius, join,
 To make a Hammer in the senate shine. 155
 Yet one presiding pow'r in ev'ry breast
 Receives a stronger sanction than the rest;
 And they who study and discern it well,
 Act unrestrain'd, without design excel,
 But court contempt, and err without redress, 160
 Missing the master-talent they possess.
 Whiston perhaps in Euclid may succeed,
 But shall I trust him to reform my creed?
 In sweet assemblage ev'ry blooming grace,
 Fix Love's bright throne in Teraminta's face, 165
 With which her faultless shape and air agree,
 But, wanting wit, she strives to repartee;
 And, ever prone her matchless form to wrong,
 Lest Envy should be dumb, she lends her tongue.
 By long experience D—y may, no doubt, 170
 Ensnare a gudgeon, or sometimes a trout;
 Yet Dryden once exclaim'd (in partial spite)
 "He fish!"—because the man attempts to write.
 Oh! if the water-nymphs were kind to none
 But those the Muses bathe in Helicon, 175
 In what far distant age would Belgia raise
 One happy wit to net the British seas!
 Nature permits her various gifts to fall,
 On various climes, nor smiles alike on all:
 The Latian vales eternal verdure wear, 180
 And flow'rs spontaneous crown the smiling year;
 But who matures a wild Norwegian hill,
 To raise the primrose or the coy jonquil?
 Who finds the peach among the savage flocks,
 Or in bleak Scythia seeks the blushing rose? 185
 Here golden grain waves o'er the teeming fields,
 —And there the vine her racy purple yields.
 High on the cliffs the British oak ascends,
 Proud to survey the seas her pow'r defends;

Her lov'reign title to the flag she proves, 290
Scornful of softer India's spicy groves.

These instances, which true in fact we find,
Apply to the culture of the mind.

The soil, in early youth improv'd with care,
The seeds of gentle science best will bear ; 295

That with more particles of flame inspir'd,
With glitt'ring arms and thirst of fame is fir'd ;

Nothing of greatness in a third will grow,
But, barren as it is, 'twill bear a beau.

If these from Nature's genial bent depart, 300

In life's dull farce to play a borrow'd part ;

Should the sage dress, and flutter in the Mall,

Or leave his problems for a birth-night ball ;

Should the rough homicide unsheath his pen,

And in heroics only murder men ; 305

Should the soft sop forsake the lady's charms,

To face the foe with inoffensive arms,

Each would variety of acts afford,

Fit for some new Cervantes to record.

"Whither," you cry, "tends all this dry discourse ?

"To prove, like Hudibras, a man's no horse ? 311

"I look'd for sparkling lines, and something gay

"To frisk my fancy with ; but, sooth to say !

"From her Apollo now the Muse eludes,

"And trades in syllogisms more than tropes," 315

Faith, Sir, I see you nod, but can't forbear ;

When a friend reads, in honour you must hear

For all enthusiasts, when the fit is strong,

Indulge a volubility of tongue.

Their fury triumphs o'er the men of phlegm, 320

And, council-proof, will never baffle a theme ;

So Burgess on his tripod rav'd the muse

When round him half the saints began to run.

To lead us safe thro' Error's thorny maze

Reason exerts her pure ethereal rays ;

But that bright daughter of eternal day

Holds in our mortal frame a dubious sway.

No lethargic fumes the brain invest,

Opium all her active pow'rs to rest ;

Tho' on that magazine no fever's seize,
 To calcine all her beauteous images;
 Yet banish'd from the realms by right her name,
 Passion, a blind usurper, mounts the throne;
 Or, to known good preferring specious ill,
 Reason becomes a cully to the will. 235
 Thus man, perversely fond to roam astray,
 Hoodwinks the guide assign'd to shew the way,
 And in life's voyage, like the pilot fares,
 Who breaks the compass, and contemns the stars,
 To steer by meteors, which at random fly, 240
 Preluding to a tempest in the sky.
 Vain of his skill, and led by various views,
 Each to his end a different path pursues;
 And seldom is ope wretch so humble known,
 To think his friend's a better than his own: 245
 The boldest they who least partake the light,
 As game-cocks in the dark are train'd to fight,
 Nor shame, nor ruin, can our pride abate,
 But what became our choice, we call our fate.
 "Villain," said Zeno, to his piling slave, 250
 "What frugal Nature needs I freely gave;
 "With thee my treasure I depos'd in trust,
 "What could provoke thee now to prove unjust?"
 "Sir, blame the stars," felonious culprit cry'd:
 "We'll by the statute of the stars be try'd. 255
 "If their strong influence all our actions urge,
 "Some are foredoom'd to steal—and some to scourge
 "The beadle must obey the Fates' decree,
 "As powerful Destiny prevail'd with thee."
 This Heav'nish logic seems to bear too hard 260
 On me, and many a harmless modern bard:
 The critics, wits, may think themselves decreed
 To jest, to jeer, and rail at all they read;
 Foes to the tribe, from which they trace their clan,
 Whom they draw their pedigree from man; 265
 To which (though, by the breed, our kind's disgrac'd)
 We grant superior elegance of taste;
 Yet, in their own defence, the wits observe,
 That, by impulse from heav'n, they write and starve;

Their patron planet, with resistless pow'r, 270
 Irradiates ev'ry poet's natal hour,
 Engend'ring in his head a solar heat,
 For which the college has no sure receipt,
 Flee from their garrets would they soon withdraw,
 And leave the rats to revel in the straw. 275

Nothing so much intoxicates the brain,
 As Flatt'ry's smooth insinuating bane :
 She, on th' unguarded ear, employs her art,
 While vain self-love unlocks the yielding heart ;
 And reason oft submits when both invade, 280
 Without assaulted, and within betray'd.
 When Flatt'ry's magic mists suffuse the sight,
 The don is active, and the boor polite ;
 Her mirror shews perfection thro' the whole,
 And ne'er reflects a wrinkle, or a mole ; 285
 Each character in gay confusion lies,

And all alike are virtuous, brave, and wise :
 Nor fail her fulsome arts to sooth our pride,
 Tho' praise to venom turns, if wrong apply'd.
 Me thus, she whispers, while I write to you : 290

“ Draw forth a banner'd host in fair review ;
 “ Then ev'ry Muse invoke thy voice to raise,
 “ Arms, and the man, to sing in lofty lays,
 “ Whose active bloom heroic deeds employ,
 “ Such as the son of Thetis * sung at Troy, 295
 “ When his high-sounding lyre his valour rais'd.
 “ To emulate the demi-gods he prais'd.
 “ Like him the Briton, warm at honour's call
 “ At fam'd Blaragnia quell'd the bleeding
 “ By France the genius of the fight confess'd, 300
 “ For which our patron saint adorns his brow.”

Is this my friend who sits in full content
 Jovial, and joking with his men of Kent,
 And never any scene of slaughter saw,
 But those who fell by physic or the law ?
 Why is he for exploits in war renown'd,
 Deck'd with a star, with bloody laurels crown'd

- often prov'd, and ever found sincere !
 Too honest is thy heart, thy sense too clear,
 On these encomiums to vouchsafe a *smile*,
 Which only can belong to great Argyle. 310
 But most among the brethren of the bays,
 The dear enchantress all her charms displays,
 In the fly-commerce of alternate praise.
 It, for his father's sins condemn'd to write,
 Some young half-feather'd poet takes a flight, 315
 And to my touchstone brings a puny ode,
 Which Swift, and Pope, and Prior, would explode ;
 Tho' ev'ry stanza glitters thick with stars,
 And goddesses descend in ivory cars, 320
 Is it for me to prove in ev'ry part,
 The piece irregular by laws of art ?
 His genius looks but awkward, yet his fate,
 May raise him to be premier bard of state ;
 I therefore bribe his suffrage to my fame, 325
 Revere his judgment, and applaud his flame ;
 Then cry, in seeming transport, while I speak,
 " 'Tis well for Pindar that he dealt in Greek !"
 He, conscious of desert, accepts the praise,
 And, courteous, with increase the debt repays. 330
 Boileau's a mushroom if compar'd to me,
 And, Horace, dispute the palm with thee !
 Both, ravish'd, sing *Te Phœbum* for success ;
 Rise swift, ye Laurels ! Boy ! bespeak the press.—
 " Some imaginary praise we feed ; 335
 " The best till all refuse to print or read :
 " As power's records of fame condemn'd to pass,
 " This Headstrong Jew ! are eagle-ey'd to find,
 On me, and safe blemish in the mind : 340
 The critics' wisdom should their health ensure,
 To sit and cool attend a cure.
 " South diffus'd t' obey the needful rein,
 " Pleas'd a savage liberty to gain,
 " Fate the keen desire of ev'ry sense, 345
 " And lull our age in thoughtless indolence :

* Brilquet, Jesuit to Francis I. of France, kept a calendar of fools.

Yet all are Solons in their own conceit,
 Tho', to supply the vacancy of wit,
 Folly and Pride, impatient of control,
 The sister-twins of Sloth, possess the soul.
 By Kneller were the gay Pumilio drawn,
 Like great Alcides, with a back of brawn :
 I scarcely think his picture would have pow'r,
 To make him fight the champions of the tower,
 Tho' lions there are tolerably tame, 355
 And civil as the court from which they came :
 But yet, without experience, sense, or arts,
 Pumilio boasts sufficiency of parts ;
 Imagines he alone is amply fit
 To guide the state, or give the stamp to wit : 360
 Pride paints the mind with an heroic air,
 Nor finds he a defect of vigour there.

When Philomel of old essay'd to sing,
 And in his rosy progress hail'd the spring,
 Th' aerial songsters, list'ning to the lays, 365
 By silent ecstacy confess'd her praise.
 At length, to rival her enchanting note,
 The peacock strains the discord of his throat,
 In hope his hideous shrieks would grateful prove,
 But the nice audience hoot him thro' the grove : 370
 Conscious of wanted worth, and just disdain,
 Low'ring his crest, he creeps to Juno's train.
 To his protectress there reveals the case,
 And for a sweeter voice devoutly prays.

Then thus reply'd the radiant goddess, kn
 By her fair rolling eyes and rattling tone :

" My fav'rite Bird ! of all the feather'd, 220
 " Each species had peculiar gifts assign'd ;
 " The tow'ring eagles to the realms of high
 " By their strong pounces claim a regal right,
 " The swan, contend'd with an humbler fate,
 " Now on the fishy river rows in state ;
 " Gay starry plumes thy length of train bedeck,
 " And the green em'erald twinkles on thy neck ;
 " But the poor nightingale, in mean attire, 385
 " Made chief warbler of the woodland choir :

" These various bounties were dispos'd above,
" And ratify'd th' unchanging will of Jove.
" Discern thy talent, and his laws adore ;
" Be what thou wert design'd, nor aim at more." 190



TO THE QUEEN,

ON HER MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY.

FROM this auspicious day three kingdoms date,
 The fairest favours of indulgent Fate;
 From this the months in radiant circles run,
 As stars receive their lustre from the sun.

To you the sceptres of all Europe bend,
 The victor those revere, and these the friend;
 Your silken reins the willing nations crave,
 For 'tis your lov'd prerogative to save.
 Mild amidst triumphs, victory bestows

On you renown, and freedom on your foes;
 Observant of your will, the goddess brings
 Palms in her hand, and healing in her wings.

But as the brightest beams and gentlest show'rs
 Were once reserv'd for Eden's op'ning flow'rs;
 So, tho' remoter realms your influence share,
 Britannia boasts to be your darling care.

By your great wisdom and resistless might,
 Abroad we conquer, and at home unite:
 Nature had join'd the lauds; but you alone
 Make their affections and their councils one.
 You speak—the jarring principles remove,
 And, close combin'd, the sister-nations prove
 Rivals alone in loyalty and love.

What pow'r would now forbid the warrior-queen,
 To wave the red cross banners o'er the Seine?
 Others for titles urge the soldier's toil,
 Or meanly seek the foe to seize the spoil;
 But you for right your pious arms employ,
 And conquer to restore, and not destroy:
 Vouchsafing audience to your suppliant foe,
 You long to give the lab'ring world repose.
 Concurring justice waits from you the word,
 Pleas'd, when you fix the scales, to sheath the sword.

From this propitious omen we preface
 Unnumber'd blessings to the coming age,
 Establish'd Faith, the daughter of the skies,
 Shall see new temples by your bounty rise;

Commerce beneath the southern stars shall thrive,
Intestine feuds expire, and arts revive ;
Safe in their shades the Muses shall remain,
Attending the milder glories of your reign.

40

So, whilst offended Heaven exerts its pow'r,
Swift fly the lightnings, loud the thunders roar,
But when our incense reconciles the skies,
Again the radiant beams begin to rise ;
Soft zephyrs gently waft the clouds away,
And fragrant flow'rs perfume the dawning day ;
The groves around rejoice with echoing strains,
And golden Plenty covers all the plains.

45

49



TO THE RIGHT HON. THE LADY
MARGARET CAVENDISH HARLEY.

WITH THE POEMS OF MR. WALLER.

LET others boast the Nine Aonian maids,
Inspiring streams, and sweet resounding shades,
Where Phœbus heard the rival bards rehearse,
And bade the laurels learn the lofty verse ;
In vain ! nor Phœbus nor the boasted Nine, 5
Inflame the raptur'd soul with rays divine :
None but the fair infuse the sacred fire,
And love with vocal art informs the lyre.

When Waller, kindling with celestial rage,
View'd the bright Harley of that wond'ring age, 10
His pleasing pain he taught the lute to breathe,
The Graces sung, and wove his myrtle wreath.
In youth, of patrimonial wealth possess'd,
The praise of science faintly warm'd his breast,
But fir'd to fame by Sidney's rosy smile, 15
Swift o'er the laureat realms he urg'd his toil.
His Muse, by Nature form'd to please the fair,
Or sing of heroes with majestic air,
To melting strains attun'd her voice, and strove
To waken all the tender pow'rs of love ; 20
More sweetly soft her awful beauty shone,
Than Juno grac'd with Cytherea's zone.

As angels love, congenial souls unite
Their radiance, and refine each other's light,
The florid and sublime, the grave and gay, 25
From Waller's beams imbibe a purer ray ;
Illumin'd thence in equal lays to sound
Their copious sense, and harmonize the sound ;
With varied notes the curious ear to please,
And turn a nervous thought with artful ease.
Maker and model of melodious verse !
Accept these votive honours at thy hearth :
While I with filial awe attempt thy praise,
To use thy genius, and my fancy raise !

So, warbling o'er his urn, the woodland choirs
To Orpheus pay the song his shade inspires.

In Waller's fame, O fairest Harley view
What verdant palms shall owe their birth to you :
To you what deathless charms are thence decreed,
In Sacharissa's fate vouchsafe to read.

40

Secure beneath the wing of with'ring Time,
Her beauties flourish in ambrosial prime ;
Still kindling rapture, see ! she moves in state,
Gods, nymphs, and heroes, on her triumph wait.
Nor think the lover's praise of love's delight
In purest minds may stain the virgin white :
How bright and chaste the poet and his theme !
So Cynthia shines on Arethusa's stream.

45

A tainted virtue to the spheres may sing,
Those strains that ravish'd here the martyr-king. 50
Plenteous of native wit, in letter'd case,
Pitely form'd, to profit and to please,
To fame whate'er was due, he gave to fame,
And what he could not praise forgot to name :
Thus Eden's rose, without a thorn, display'd 55
Her bloom, and in a fragrant blush decay'd.

Such soul-attracting airs were sung of old,
When blissful years in golden circles roll'd :
Pure from deceit, devoid of fear and strife,
While love was all the pensive care of life, 60
The swains in green retreats, with flow'rets crown'd,
Taught the young groves their passion to resound :
Fancy pursu'd the paths where Beauty led,
To please the living but deplore the dead :
While to their warbled woe the rocks reply'd, 65
The rills, rerurmur'd, and the zephyrs sigh'd,
From death redeem'd by verse, the vanish'd fair,
Breath'd in a flow'r, or sparkled in a star.

Bright as the stars, and fragrant as the flow'rs,
Where Spring resides in soft Elyfian bow'rs,
While these the bow'rs adorn, and they the sphere, 70
Will Sacharissa's charms in song appear.

Yet in the present age her radiant name,
Must take a dimmer interval of fame ;

When you to full meridian lustre rise, 75
 With Morton's shape and Gloriana's eyes,
 With Carlisle's wit, her gesture, and her mien,
 And, like seraphic Rich, with zeal serene;
 In sweet assemblage all their graces join'd,
 To language, mode, and manners more refin'd!
 That angle-frame, with chaste attraction gay,
 Mild as the dove-cy'd Morn awakes the May,
 Of noblest youths will reign the public care,
 Their joy, their wish, their wonder, and despair.
 Far-beaming thence what bright ideas flow! 85
 The sister-arts with sudden rapture glow;
 Her Titian tints the painter-nymph resumes,
 The canvas warm with rosiate beauty blooms:
 Inspir'd with life by Sculpture's happy toil,
 The marble breathes, and softens with your smile;
 Proud to receive the form by Fate design'd, 91
 The fairest model of the fairer kind.
 • But hear, O hear, the Muse's heavenly voice!
 The waving woods, and echoing vales rejoice:
 Attend, ye Gales! to Margaretta's praise; 95
 And all ye list'ning Loves record the lays!
 So Philomela charms th' Idalian grove,
 When Venus, in the glowing orb of Love,
 O'er ocean, earth, and air, extends her reign,
 The first, the brightest of the starry train. 100
 What fav'rite youth assign the Fates, to rise,
 In bridal pomp to lead the blooming prize?
 Whether his father's garter'd shield sustains,
 Trophies achiev'd on Gallia's vi'ry plains,
 Or smiling Peace a mingled wreath displays, 105
 The patriot's olive and the poet's bay:
 Adorn, ye Fates! the fav'rite youth assign'd,
 With each ennobling grace of form and mind:
 In merit make him great, as great in blood;
 Great without pride, and amiably good;
 His breast the guardian ark of heaven-born law,
 To strike a faithless age with conscious awe:
 In choice of friends, by manly reason sway'd,
 Not fear'd, but honour'd, and with love obey'd:

EPISTLES.

In courts and 'camps, in council and retreat, 115
Wise, brave, and studious to support the state :
With candour firm ; without ambition bold ;
No deed discolour'd with the guilt of gold ;
What Heaven may judge the choicest blessings due,
And give the various good compris'd in you. 120



ODES.

AN ODE TO THE SUN.

FOR THE NEW YEAR, 1707. 4

Phœbus
Qui sa

t fulgent
ceptusq;

lustrum meliusque semper
vum. HOR.

I.

BEGIN, celestial source of light,
To gild the new-revolving sphere;
And from the pregnant womb of night,
Urge on to birth the infant year.
Rich with auspicious lustre rise,
Thou fairest regent of the skies,
Conspicuous with thy silver bow:
To thee, a god, 'twas given by Jove
To rule the radiant orbs above,
To Gloriana this below.

II.

With joy renew thy destin'd race,
And let the mighty months begin;
Let no ill omen cloud thy face;
Thro' all thy circle smile serene.
While the stern ministers of Fate
Watchful o'er pale Lutetia wait,
To grieve the Gaul's perfidious head,
The Hours, thy offspring heavenly fair!
Their whitest wings should ever wear,
And gentle joys on Albion shed.

III.

When Illa bore the future fates of Rome,
And the long honours of her race began,
Thus to prepare the graceful age to come,
They from her stores in happy order ran
Heroes, elected to the list of fame,
Fix'd the sure columns of her rising state,
Till the loud triumphs of the Julian name
Render'd the glories of her reign complete;

Each year advanc'd a rival to the rest,
In comely spoils of war and great achievements dress'd.

I.

Say, Phoebus! for thy searching eye
Saw Rome, the darling child of Fate,
When nothing equal here could vie
In strength with her imperious state;
Say if high virtues there did reign
Exalted in a nobler strain
'Than in fair Albion thou hast seen?
Or can her demi gods compare
Then trophies for successful war
To those that rise for Albion's Queen?

II.

When Albion first majestic shew'd
High o'er the circling seas her head,
Her the great father smiling view'd,
And thus to bright Victoria said:
Mindful of Phlegra's happy plain,
On which, fair Nymph! you fix'd my reign,
This isle to you shall sacred be;
Her hand shall hold the rightful scale,
And crowns be vanquish'd or prevail
As Gloriana shall decree.

III.

Victoria, triumph in thy great increase!
With joy the Julian stem the Tiber claims,
Young Ammon's might the Granic waves confess;
The Heber had a Maas, a Churchill Thames:
Roll sov'reign of thy streams thy rapid tide,
And bid thy brother floods revere the Queen
Whose voice the Euro's happy hand employ'd
To save the Danube and subdue the Seine;
And, boldly just to Gloriana's fame,
Exalt thy silver rein, and duteous homage claim.

I.

Advanc'd to thy meridian height,
On earth, great god of Day! look down;
Let Windsor entertain thy sight,
Clad in fair emblems of renown;

And whilst in radiant pomp appear
The names to bright Victoria dear,
Intent the long procession view;
Confess none worthier ever wore
Her favours, or was deck'd with more
Than she confers on Churchill's brow,

65

75

II.

But, oh! withdraw thy piercing rays;
The nymph anew begins to moan,
Viewing the much-lamented space
Where late her warlike William shone:
There, fix'd by her officious hand,
His sword and sceptre of command
To deathless fame adopted rest;
Nor wants there to complete her woe,
Plac'd with respectful love below,
The star that beam'd on Gloucester's breast.

75

III.

O Phœbus! all thy saving pow'r employ;
Long let our vows avert the destin'd woe,
Ere Gloriana reascends the sky,
And leaves a land of orphans here below!
But when (so Heaven ordains) her smiling ray
Distinguish'd o'er the balance shall preside,
Whilst future kings her ancient sceptre sway,
May her mild influence all their councils guide;
To Albion ever constant in her love,
Of sov'reigns here the best, the brightest star above.

85

90

I.

For lawless power, reclaim'd to right,
And virtue rais'd by pious arms,
Let Albion be thy fair delight,
And shield her fate from threaten'd harms:
With flow'rs and fruit her bosom fill,
Let laurel rise on ev'ry hill
Fresh as the first on Daphne's brow:
Instruct her tuneful sons to sing,
And make each vale with pæans ring,
O Minerva and Ramillia due.

95

II.

Secured of bright eternal fame.
 With happy wing the Theban swan,
 'Tow'ring from Pisa's sacred stream,
 Inspir'd by thee the song began;
 'Thro' deserts of unclouded light, 105
 When he harmonious took his flight,
 The gods constrain'd the sounding spheres;
 Still Envy darts her rage in vain,
 The lustre of his worth to stain,
 He growing whiter with his years. 110

III.

But, Phœbus! god of numbers, high to raise
 The honours of thy art and heavenly lyre,
 What Muse is destin'd to our sov'reign's praise,
 Worthy her act, and thy informing fire?
 To him for whom this springing laurel grows 115
 Eternal on the topmost heights of fame
 Be kind, and all thy Helicon disclose;
 And, all intent on Gloriana's name,
 Let silence brood o'er ocean, earth, and air,
 As when to victor Jove thou sung'st the Giants' war.

I.

In sure records each shining deed 121
 When faithful Clio sets to view,
 Posterity will doubting read,
 And scarce believe her annals true.
 The Muses toil, with art, to raise 125
 Fictitious monuments of praise
 When other actions they rehearse;
 But half of Gloriana's reign,
 That to the rest may credit gain,
 Should pass unregistr'd in verse. 130

II.

High on its own establish'd base
 Prevailing, it pleas'd to rise,
 Divinely deck'd with native grace,
 Rich in itself with solid joys;
 Ere Gloriana on the throne, 135
 Sitting for Albion's rest her own,

In types of regal pow'r was seen,
 With fair pre-eminence confest
 It triumph'd in a private breast,
 And made the princeſſs more than queen. 140

III.

O Phoebus! would thy godhead not reſuſe
 This humble incenſe on thy altar laid;
 Would thy propitious ear attend the Muſe
 That ſuppliant now invokes thy certain aid;
 With Mantuan force I'd mount a ſtronger gale, 145
 And ſing the parent of her land, who ſtrove
 To exceed the tranſports of her people's zeal
 With acts of mercy and majestic love,
 By Fate, to fix Britannia's empire, given 149
 The guardian pow'r of earth, and public care of heaven.

I.

Then, Churchill! ſhould the Muſe record
 The conqueſts by thy ſword achiev'd,
 Quiet to Belgian ſtates reſtor'd,
 And Auſtrian crowns by thee retriev'd.
 Imperious Leopold confeſs'd 155
 His hoary majesty's diſtreſs'd;
 To arms, to arms, Bavaria calls,
 Nor with leſs terror ſhook his throne
 Than when the riſing Creſcent ſhone
 Malignant o'er his ſhatter'd walls. 160

II.

The warrior led the Britons forth
 On foreign fields to dare their fate,
 Distinguish'd ſouls of ſhining worth,
 In war unknowing to retreat:
 Thou, Phoebus! ſaw'ſt the hero's face, 165
 When Mars had breathed a purple grace,
 And mighty fury fill'd his breaſt:
 How like thyſelf, when to deſtroy
 The Greeks thou didſt thy darts employ,
 Fierce with thy golden quiver drest! 170

III.

Whiſt, banish'd from his native land,
 With diſhoneſt wounds Bavaria mourn'd

'The chief, at Gloriana's high command,
 Like a rous'd lion to the Mæcs return'd;
 With vengeful speed the British sword he drew, 175
 Unus'd to grieve his host with long delay,
 Whilst, wing'd with fear, the force of Gallia flew;
 As when the morning-star restores the day
 The wand'ring ghosts of twenty thousand slain
 Fleet sullen to the shades from Blenheim's mournful
 plain. 180

I.

Britannia! wipe thy dusty brow,
 And put the Bourbon laurels on;
 To thee deliver'd nations bow,
 And blest the spoils thy wars have won:
 For thee Bellona points her spear, 185
 And whilst lamenting mothers fear,
 So high her signal torch displays;
 But when thy sword is sheath'd, again
 Obsequious she receives thy chain,
 And smoothes her violence of face. 190

II.

Parent of arms! for ever stand
 With large increase of fame rever'd,
 Whilst arches to thy saving hand
 On Danube's grateful banks are rear'd.
 Eugene, inspir'd to war by thee, 195
 Ausonia's weeping states to free,
 Swift on th' imperial Eagle flies,
 Whilst, bleeding, from his azure bed
 Th' asserted Iber lifts his head,
 And safe his Austrian lord enjoys. 200

III.

Io, Britannia! fix'd on foreign wars,
 Guiltless of civil rage, extend thy name;
 The waves of vastest ocean, and the stars,
 Are bound, but equal to thy sov'reign's fame.
 With deeper wrath thy victor lion roars, 205
 Wide o'er the subject world diffusing fear,
 Whilst Gallia weeps her guilt, and peace implor'd
 Sorrow, transfixed by fierce Minerva's spear,

A gentler birth obedient did disclose,
And sudden from the wound eternal olives rose. 210

I.

When, with establish'd freedom blest'd,
The globe to great Alcides bow'd,
Whose happy pow'r reliev'd th' oppress'd
From lawless chains, and check'd the proud,
Mature in fame, the grateful gods 215
Receiv'd him to their bright abodes,
Where Hebe crown'd his blooming joys ;
Garlands the willing Muses wove,
And each, with emulation, strove
'T' adorn the Churchill of the skies. 220

II.

For Albion's chief, ye sacred Nine !
Your harps with gen'rous ardour string,
With Fame's immortal trumpet join,
And safe beneath his laurel sing :
When clad in vines the Seine shall glide, 225
And duteous in a smoother tide
To British seas her tribute yield ;
Wakeful at Honour's shrine attend,
And long with living beams defend
From night the warrior's votive shield. 230

III.

And, Woodstock ! let his dome exalt thy fame ;
Great o'er thy Norman ruins be restor'd :
Thou that with pride dost Edward's* cradle claim,
Receive unequal hero for thy lord :
Whilst ev'ry column, to record th' r' toils, 235
Eternal monuments of conquest wear,
And all thy walls are dress'd with mingled spoils,
Gather'd on fam'd Ramillia and Poitiers,
High on thy tow'r the grateful flag display, [day.
Due to thy Queen's reward and Bleheim's glorious

* The Black Prince.

L.

II.

10.

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Had all, conjunct'd in one, had pow'r to save,

* The small-pox.

IV.

The spark of pure ethereal light
 That actuates this fleeting frame,
 Darts thro' the cloud of flesh a sickly flame, 35
 And seems a glow-worm in a winter-night.
 But man would yet look wondrous wise,
 And equal chains of thought devise;
 Intends his mind on mighty schemes,
 Refutes, defines, confirms, declaims, 40
 And diagrams he draws, t' explain
 The learn'd chimeras of his brain;
 And, with imaginary wisdom proud,
 Thinks on the goddess while he clips the cloud.

V.

Thro' Error's mazy grove, with fruitless toil, 45
 Perplex'd with puzzling doubts, we roam;
 False images our sight beguile,
 But still we stumble thro' the gloom,
 And Science seek, which still deludes the mind.
 Yet, more enamour'd with the race, 50
 With disproportion'd speed we urge the chace:
 In vain! the various prey no bound restrain;
 Fleeting, it only leaves, t' increase our pain,
 A cold unsatisfying scent behind.

VI.

Yet, gracious God! presumptuous man, 55
 With random guesses, makes pretence
 To sound thy searchless providence,
 From which he first began:
 Like hooded hawks we blindly tow'r,
 And circumscribe, with fancy'd laws, thy pow'r. 60
 Thy will the rolling orbs obey;
 The moon, presiding o'er the sea, t'
 Governs the waves with equal sway:
 But man, perverse, and lawless still,
 Boldly runs counter to thy will;
 Thy patient thunder he defies,
 Lays down false principles, and moves

By what his vicious choice approves,
And when he's vainly wicked thinks he's wise.

VII.

Return, return, too long missed!
With filial fear adore thy God:
Ere the vast deep of heaven was spread,
Or body first in space abode,
Glories ineffable adorn'd his head.
Unnumber'd seraphs round the burning throne
Sung to the incomprehensible Three-One:
Yet then his clemency did please
With lower forms to augment his train,
And made thee, wretched creature, Man!
Probationer of happiness.

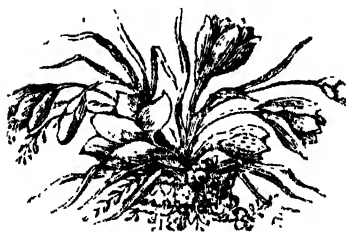
VIII.

On the vast ocean of his wonders here,
We momentary bubbles ride,
Till, crush'd by the tempestuous tide,
Sunk in the parent flood we disappear:
We, who to gaudy on the waters shone,
Proud, like the show'ry bow, with beauties near our
own.

IX.

But, at the signal giv'n, this earth and sea
Shall let their sleeping vassals free,
And the belov'd of God,
The faithful and the just,
Like Aaron's chosen rod,
T'wo dry, shall blossom in the dust:
Then, gladly bounding from their dark restraints,
The skeletons shall brighten into mints,
And, from mortality refin'd, shall rise
To meet their Saviour coming in the skies
Instructed then by intuition, we
Shall the vain efforts of our wisdom see;
Shall then impartially confess
Our demonstration was but guess;

That knowledge, which from human reason flows,
Unless Religion guide its course,
And Faith her steady mounds oppose,
Is ignorance at best, and often worse.



AN ODE

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOHN LORD GOWER.

WRITTEN IN THE SPRING, 1716.

I.

O 'ER Winter's long inclement sway
 At length the lussy Spring prevails,
 And, swift to meet the smiling May,
 Is wafted by the western gales :
 Around him dance the rosy Hours, 5
 And, damasking the ground with flow'rs,
 With ambient sweets perfume the morn,
 With shadowy verdure flourish'd high,
 A sudden youth the groves enjoy,
 Where Philomel laments forlorn. 10

II.

By her awak'd, the woodland choir,
 To hail the coming god prepares,
 And tempts me to resume the lyre,
 Soft warbling to the vernal airs.
 Yet once more, O ye Muses ! deign 15
 For me, the meanest of your train,
 Unblam'd to approach your blest retreat,
 Where Horace wantons at your spring,
 And Pindar sweeps a bolder string,
 Whole notes the Aeolian hills repeat. 20

III.

Or if invok'd whate' Phœbus's fruitful tide,
 Slow thro' the vale in silver volumes play,
 Now your own Phoebus o'er the month presides,
 Gives Love the night, and doubly gilds the day :
 Thither, indulgent to my pray'r,
 Ye bright harmonious nymphs repair,
 To swell the notes I feebly raise;
 So, with inspiring ardours warm'd,
 May Gower's propitious ear be charm'd
 To listen to my lays.

I.

Beneath the pole, on hills of snow,
 Like Thracian Mars, th' undaunted Swede
 To dint of sword defies the foe,
 In fight unknowing to recede:
 From Volga's banks th' imperious Czay
 Leads forth his furry troops to war,
 Fond of the softer southern sky:
 The Soldan galls th' Illyrian coast,
 But soon the miscreant mooney host
 Before the victor-crois shall fly.

35

45

II.

But here no clarion's shrilling note
 The Muse's green retreat can pierce;
 The grove from noisy camps remote,
 Is only vocal with my verse:
 Here, wing'd with innocence and joy,
 Let the soft hours that o'er me fly
 Drop freedom, health, and gay desires;
 While the bright Seine, t' exalt the soul,
 With sparkling plenty crowns the bowl,
 And wit and social mirth inspires.

45

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III.

Enamour'd of the Seine, celestial fair!
 The blooming pride of Thetis' azure train)
 Bacchus, to win the nymph who caus'd his care,
 Lash'd his swift tigers to the Celtic plain;
 There secret in her sapphire cell
 He with the Nais wont to dwell,
 Leaving the nectar'd feasts of Jove;
 And where her mazy waters flow,
 He gave the mantling vine to grow,
 A trophy to his love.

55

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I.

All man from Nature's sanction stray,
 Sit blind Opinion for his guide,
 And, rebel to her rightful sway,
 Her bounties unenjoy'd?
 Time no change of motion knows;
 With equal speed the torrent flows

65

To sweep fame, pow'r, and wealth away :
 The past is all by death possess'd ;
 And frugal Fate, that guards thy best,
 By giving, bids him live to-day.

70

II.

O Gower ! thro' all that destin'd space
 Whence breath the pow'rs allot to me
 Shall sing the virtues of thy race,
 United and complete in thee.

O flow'r of ancient English faith !
 Pursue th' unbeaten patriot path,
 In which, confirm'd, thy father shone :
 The light his fair example gives
 Already from thy dawn receives
 A lustre equal to its own.

75

80

III.

Honour's bright dome, on lasting columns rear'd,
 Nor envy rusts, nor rolling years consume ;
 Loud pæans echoing round the roof are hear'd,
 And clouds of incense all the void perfume.
 There Phocion, Lælius, Capel, Hyde,
 With Falkland seated near his side,
 Fix'd by the Muse the temple grace ;
 Prophetic of thy happier fame,
 She, to receive thy radiant name,
 Selects a whiter space.

85

90



TALES.

THE WIDOW'S WILE.

A TALE.

HAVE you not seen (to state the case)
Two wafps lie struggling in a glass ?
By the rich flavour of Tokay,
Allur'd, about the brim they play ;
They light, they murmur, then begin
To lick, and to at length slip in :
Embracing close the couple lies,
Together d p, together rite ;
You'd swear they love, and yet they strive
Which shall be sunk, and which survive.
Such feign'd amours and jeal hate
Attend the matrimonial state,
When sacred vows are bought and sold,
And hearts are ty'd with threads of gold.
A nymph there was, who ('tis aver'd,
By Fame) was born without a beard ;
A certain sign, the learn'd declare,
That (guarded with uncommon care)
Her virtue might remain at ten,
Impregnable to boys or men.
But from that era we'll proceed,
To find her in a widow's weed,
Which, all Love's chronicles agree,
She wore just turn'd of twenty-three ;
For an old sot she call'd her mate,
For jewels, pin-money, and plate.
The dame, posses'd of wealth and ease,
Had no more appetites to please :
That which provokes wild girls to wed,
Fie !—it ne'er enter'd in her head.
Yet some prolific planet smil'd,
And gave the pair a chopping child,
Entitled by the law to claim,
Her husband's chattels and his name ;
But was so like his mother ! she
The queen of Love, her Cupid he.

This matron fair for spouse deceas'd,
Had sorrow'd sore a week at least,
And seem'd to grudge the worms that prey,
Which had lain dead full many a day.
From plays and balls she now refrain'd,
To a dark room by custom chain'd,
And not a male for love or gold,
But the dear hopes of two years old.

40

The maids, so long in prison pent,
Ask leave to air; she gives consent;
(For health is riches to the poor)
But Tom must stay to guard the door.
In reading Sherlock she'd employ
Her solitude, and tend the boy.

45

50

When Madam sees the coast is clear,
Her spirits mantle and career,
Diffusing ardour thro' her mien;
Pity they should condense to spleen!
But now by honour she's confin'd,
Who flutter'd once as free as wind,
And on a masquerading morn
By fix securely could return;
Having, to seal him safe till nine,
With opium drugg'd her spouse's wine.
This the gay world no worse would hold,
Than had she only chang'd his gold:
The species answer'd all demands,
And only pass'd to other hands.
But honour now prescribes the law,
The tyrant keeps her will in awe;
For charity forbid to roam,
And not a chattering at home.
What! a large stomach and no meat!
In pity, Love! provide a treat.
Can widows feed on dreams and wishes,
Like hags on visionary dishes?
Impossible! thro' walls of stone
Hunger will break to suck a bone.
Want, or in times of old, we read,
Made mothers on their infants feed,

55

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And now constrain'd this matron mild,
 To grow hard-hearted to her child.
 Her darling child she pinch'd ; he squall'd ;
 In haste the fav'ritè-footman's call'd, 80
 To pacify the peevish chit,
 For who but he could do the feat ?
 He, simulating fore, refus'd to play,
 But bade man 'Thomas beat Mamma !
 She, laughing, soon avow'd her flame, 85
 By various signs that want a name.
 The lucky saw, with trembling joy,
 Gay humour dancing in her eye,
 And straight, with equal fury fir'd,
 'Begu'n th' attack. The dance retir'd ; 90
 And haply falling as she fell,
 He beat her till she lay for dead ;
 But (with new vigour for the strife)
 Soon, with a sigh, return'd to life.
 Think ye she'd e'er forgive her son, 95
 For what the naughty man had done ?
 She did ; yet, spited with his pain,
 He sounds th' alarm to charge again.
 But, 'quire, consult your potent ally,
 Whether he's yet prepar'd to rally— 100
 Yes ; blood is hot on either side ;
 Another combat must be try'd.
 She knew the foe could do no more,
 'Than at the first attack she bore ;
 So at his little malice mil'd,
 And cry'd, " Come on !—to please the child." 106

A TALE.

DEVIſED IN THE PLESAUNT MANERE OF
GENTIL MAISTER JEOFREY CHAUCER.

WHYLOM in Kent there dwelt a clerke,
Who wyth grete cheer and litil weike,
Uptwalen was with venere;
For meagre Lent ne recked he,
Ne taintes daies had in remembraunce;
Mo will had he to dalliaunce.

5

To ferchen out a bellamie
He had a sharp and licorous eie;
But it wold bett abide a leke
Or onion than the sight of Greke;
Wherefore God yeve him shame; Boccace
Serv'd him for Basile and Ignace.

10

His vermeil cheke, that shon wyth mirth,
Spake him the blitheſt priest on yearth:
At chyrch, to shew his lillied hond,
Full fetouſly he pranked his bond;
Sleke weren his flaxen locks ykempt,
And Isaac Wever was he nempt.

15

Thilke clerke, echaufed in the groyne,
For a yonge damosell did pyne,
Born in East-Cheape, who, by my fay,
Ypert was as a popinjay:

20

Ne wit ne wordes ſaid ſhe waunt,
Wele cond ſhe many a romaunt;
Ore muscadine or spiced ale

25

She carfold ſoote as nightingale;
And for the nonce couth rowle her eyne
Withouten ſpeche; a ſpeciall ſigne
She lack'd ſomedele of what ech dame
Holds dere as life, yet dredes to name:
So was eftſoons by Isaac won
To bliſſful conſummation.

Here mought I now tellen the feſtes,
Who gave the bryde, how bibb'd the gheſtes;

But withouten such gawdes I trow 35
 Myne legend is prolix ynow.
 Ryghte wele arceeds Dan Prior's song,
 A tale shold never be too long;
 And sikerly in fayre England
 None bett doth taling understond. 40
 She now, algates full iad to chaunge
 The citee for her husbond's graunge,
 To Kent mote; for she welc did knowe
 'Twas vaine ayenst the streeme to rowe.
 So wend they on one steed yfere, 45
 Ech cleping toder life and dere;
 Heaven shilde hem fro myne Bromley host,
 Or many a groat theyr meel wold cost.
 Deem next yt Maitre's Wever fene
 Yclad in sable bombasine, 50
 The Frankeleins wyves, accost her blythe,
 Curteis to guilen hent of tythe;
 And yeve honour parochiall
 In pew, and eke at festivall.
 Worshipp and wealth her husbond hath; 55
 He poor in aught, save werks and faith:
 Kepes bull, bore, stallion, to dispence
 Large pennorths of benevolence.
 His herne ycrammed was, and store
 Of poultrie cackled at the dore; 60
 His wyf grete joie to fede hem toke,
 And was astonied at the cocke,
 That, in his portauce debonair,
 On everich henn bestow'd a shaire
 Of plesaunce, yet no genitours 65
 She saw, to thrill his paramours:
 Of this she moked mus'd theron,
 Yf eist she howgates it was don.
 One night, ere they to sleepe went,
 Her Isaac in her arms she hent,
 As was her usage; and did saie,
 Of charite I mote thee praie,
 To techene myne unconnyng wit
 One thing it comprehendeth niet;

TALES.

And maie the foul fiend harrow thee,
If in myne quest thou fallen me.

85
75

Our chaunticlere loves everich her ;
Ne fewer kepes our yerd than ten,
Yet romps he bre beth grete and small,
Ne ken I what he swinks wythall :
But on ech leg a wepon is,
Yperiert and full starke I wys ;
Doth he wite hem at pertelote play ?
In sooth there's werk enough for tway.

30

Qd. Isaac, Certes by Sainct Poules,

85

Myne life thou art a simple soule ;
Foules fro the egle to the wren
Bin harness'd othergise than men :
For the males engines of delite,
Ferre in theyr errails are empight ;
Els, par mischaunce, theyr merriment,
Emong the breers mought sore be shent.
Thus woxen hote, they much avaunce
Love of venereal jouisaunce ;
And in one month, the trouth to sayne,
Swink mo than manhode in yeres twayne.

90

95

O Benedicite ! qd. she,
If kepyng hote so kindlych be,
Hie in thyne boweles trufs thyne gere,
Aha eke the skrippe that daungleth here.

100

Ne dune, he anwerd, mote that bene ;
For as I hope to be a dene,
Thilke Falstaffs-butto rownd and big,
Was built for corny ale and pig ;
Ne is it a chink for these,
Ne for a wheat-straw and tway pease.

105

Paulie, qd. she, syth there's nat room,
Swete Nykin ! chafe hem in myne woom.

108

THE FAIR NUN.

A TALE.

-----tre per ignem, neque ad hoc ramen ignibus ullis,
Et gladius animi. Aut gladius opus est; opus est mali crimi.-----
OVID. MET., lib. viii.

WE sage Cartesians, who profess
Ourselves sworn foes to emptiness,
Assert that souls a-tip-toe stand,
On what we call the Pineal Gland,
As weather cocks on spires are plac'd, 5
To turn the quicker with each blast.

This granted, can you think it strange,
We all should be so prone to change,
Ev'n from the go-cart till we wear,
A satin cap i' th' elbow chair? 10

The follies that the child began,
Custom makes current in the man,
And firm by livery and seisin,
Holds the fee-simple of his reason.
But still the gusts of love we find, 15
Blow strongest on a woman's mind;
Nor need I learnedly pursue
The latent cause, th' effect is true;
For proof of which, in manner ample,
I mean to give you one example. 20

Upon a time (for so my nurse,
Heaven rest her bones! began discourse)
A lovely nymph, and just nineteen,
Began to languish with the spleen:
She who had shone at balls and play, 25
In gold brocade extremely gay,
All on a sudden grew precise,
Disclaim'd against the growth of vice,
A very prude in half a year,
And most believ'd she was sincere: 30
Necklace of pearl no more she wears,
That's sanctify'd to count her pray'rs:
Venus, and all her naked Loves,
The reformato nymph removes,

And Magdalen, with saints and martyrs,
Was plac'd in their respective quarters.

35

Nor yet content, she could not bear

The rankness of the public air,

'Twas so infected with the vice

Of lascivious songs and lovers' sighs;

40

So most devoutly would be gone,

And straight profess herself a Nun.

A youth of breeding and address,

And call him Myrsis, if you please,

45

Who had some wealth to recompense

His slender dividend of sense,

Yet could, with little thought and care,

Write tender things to please the fair,

And then successively did grow,

From a half-wit, a finish'd beau;

50

(For sops thus naturally rise,

As maggots turn to butterflies)

This spark, as story tells, before,

Had held with Madam an amour,

Which he resolving to pursue,

55

Exactly took the proper cue;

And on the wings of Love he flies,

To Lady Abbess in disguise,

And tells her he had brought th' advowson,

Of soul and body to dispose on.

60

Old Sanctity, who nothing fear'd,

In petticoats without a beard,

Fond of a proselyte and fees,

Admits the fox among the geese.

Here duty, wealth, and honour, prove,

65

That three to one, too weak for Love;

And to describe the war throughout,

Would make a glorious piece no doubt,

Where moral virtues might be slain,

And rise, and fight, and fall again:

70

Love should a bloody myrtle wear,

And, like Camilla, fierce and fair,

The Nun should charge.—But I forbear.

All human joys, tho' sweet in tasting,
 Are seldom (more's the pity!) lasting. 75
 The nymph had qualms, her cheeks were pale,
 Which others thought the effects of zeal.
 But she, poor she! began to doubt,
 (Best knowing what she'd been about)
 The marriage earnest-penny lay, 80
 And burnt her pocket, as we say.
 She now invokes, to ease her soul,
 The dagger and the poison'd bowl;
 And, self-condemn'd for breach of vow,
 To lose her life and honour too, 85
 Talk'd in as tragical a strain as
 Your craz'd Menimias and Roxanas.
 But as she in her cell lay sighing,
 Distracted, weeping, drooping, dying,
 The fiend (who never wants address 90
 To succour damsels in distress)
 Appearing, told her he perceiv'd
 The fatal cause for which she griev'd,
 But promis'd her *en cavalier*
 She should be freed from all her fear, 95
 And with her Thyrsis lead a life
 Devoid of all domestic strife,
 If she would sign a certain scrawl—
 Aye, that she would, if that was all.
 She sign'd, and he engag'd to do 100
 Whate'er she pleas'd to let him do.
 The critics must excuse me now;
 They both were freed, no matter how:
 For when we epic writers use
 Machines to disengage the Muse, 105
 We're clean acquit of all demands,
 The matter's left in abler hands;
 And if they cannot loose the knot
 Should we be censur'd? I think not.
 The scene thus alter'd, both were gay; 110
 For pomp and pleasures who but they,
 Who might do ev'ry thing but pray?

Madam in her guilt chariot flaunted,
 And Pug brought ev'ry thing she wanted ;
 A slave devoted to her will ;
 But women will be wav'ring still :
 Even vice without variety
 Their queamish appetites will cloy ;
 And having stol'n from Lady Abbess
 One of our merry modern Rabbies,
 She found a trick she thought would pass,
 And prove the devil but an ass.

115

120

His next attendance happen'd right
 Amidst a moonless stormy night,
 When Madam and her spouse together
 Gue's'd at his coming by the weather.
 He came. " To night," says he, " I drudge
 " To fetch a harlot for a judge,
 " A gouty nine-i'th' hundred knave ;
 " But, Madam, do you want your slave ?
 " I need not presently be gone,
 " Because the doctors have not done.
 " A rosy vicar and a quack
 " Repuls'd me in my last attack :
 " But all in vain ; for mine he is ;
 " A fig for both the faculties."

125

130

135

The dame produc'd a single hair,
 But whence it came I cannot swear ;
 Yet this I will affirm is true,
 It curl'd like any bottle screw.
 " Sir Nic," quoth he, " you know us all ;
 " We ladies are fantastical :
 " You see this hair"—" Yes, Madam"—" Pray,
 " In presence of my husband stay
 " And make it straight, or else you grant
 " Our solemn league and covenant
 " Is void in law."—" It is, I own it ;"
 And so he sets to work upon it.
 He tries, not dreaming of a cheat,
 If wetting would not do the feat ;
 And 'twas, in truth, a proper notion ;
 But still it kept th' elastic motion.

140

145

150

Well ! more ways may be found than one
To kill a witch that will not drown. .

“ If I,” quoth he, “ conceive its nature, 155

“ This hair has flourish’d nigh the water.

“ ’Tis crisp’d with cold perhaps, and then

“ The fire will make it straight again.”

In haste he to the fire applies it,

And turns it round and round, and eyes it, 160

Heigh, jingo ! worse than ’twas before ;

The more it warms it twirls the more.

He stamp’d his cloven foot, and chaf’d ;

The husband and the lady laugh’d.

Howe’er, he fancy’d, sure enough 165

He should not find it hammer-proof.

No Cyclops e’er at work was warmer

At forging thunderbolts or armour

Than Satan was ; but all in vain :

Again he beats—it curls again ! 170

At length he bellow’d in a rage,

“ This hair will take me up an age.”

“ This take an age !” the husband swore,

“ Z——ds ! Betty has five hundred more.

“ More ! Take your bond,” quoth Pug. “ Adieu ;

“ ’Tis loss of time to ply for you. 176



TRANSLATIONS.

THE ELEVENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK.

IN MILTON'S STYLE.

--- -- Forth' Orphean lyre
Beating off Chaos, and stern Night,
I might have bravely Maud to venture down
The dark descent, and up to re-ascend,
Tho' hard and rayt-----

PARADISE LOST, B

WHEN speeding sea-ward to the fleet we came
That anchor'd nigh the coast, we launch'd our
ship

Into the sacred deep: the mast uprear'd
Bore ev'ry sail expanded; whilst aboard
We stow'd devoted victims, and ascend

The vessel, inly griev'd, and silent, stowers
Fell from our drooping eyes. A friendly wind
Circe the hit, of human race divine,

Propitious lent; to ply the struggling oar
Small need remain'd, the fresh'ning gale suffic'd
Each bellying canvass. On with speed we fare

Fortunate; and when the sun careering prone
Sunk to the western isles, and dewy shade
Sabl'd the pole, we, tilting o'er the waves

Okean's utmost bound, approach the realms,
Unlets'd, where the Cimmerians darkling dwell,
(A ~~happy~~ race) of heav'nly light

Unvisted, and the sun's glad some ray,
Mocking the vessel on that dreary beach,
We take the destin'd sheep, and slow sojourn

Along the marsh, till the fated place
We found which Circe will'd we should explore.
Eurylochus and Perimedes guard

The holy offerings; I mean-time unsheath
My falchion, and prepare t'intrench the ground
A cubit square, and these oblations pour

To reconcile the shades ; infusing milk,
 With honey temper'd sweet, and bowls of must
 Pure from the mellowest grape, with added store
 Of water, and with flow'r of wheat bestrow 30
 The mix'd ingredients : to the feeble ghosts
 Then vow'd, if Heav'n to my dear native land
 Should favour my return, a barren cow
 Of stateliest growth, and to th' oraculous seer*
 A ran of sable fleece, the leading pride 35
 Of all my flocks. These solemn rites perform'd,
 And vows prest'd, the destin'd sheep I slew ;
 Forth gush'd the vital purple, and such chang'd
 The hollow'd trench ; when lo ! from the dun verge
 Of Erebus the ghosts promiscuous troop 40
 Unnumber'd, youths and maidens immature
 Cropt in their spring, who, wand'ring pensive, wail'd
 The shortness of their date : trembling, and hoar
 With age, some slowly pace ; others, more fierce,
 Array'd in arms, enlanguin'd o'er with wounds 45
 Receiv'd in battle, clamorous approach
 To drink the reeking gore. Shudd'ring and pale
 I stood astounded, but with quick dispatch,
 Bade burn the sacrifice, a grateful steam
 To Proserpine, who there with Dis divides 50
 The regency of night : laden I wav'd
 My glittering falchion, from the sanguine pool,
 Driving th' unbody'd host that round me swarm'd,
 Nor deign'd to let them slip, before I saw
 Th' oraculous seer. Foremost of all the crowd 55
 Elpenor came, whose unregarded corse
 We left behind in Circe's sumptuous domes
 Unwept, unbury'd, eager to pursue
 Our voyage. Strait to tender pity mov'd
 With words dissolv'd in tears, I cry'd, " Relate,
 " Elpenor, how these rueful shades you reach'd
 " Sooner than I full-sail'd." He thus reply'd,
 In accents of much dolour ; " Me, O King !
 " The minister of adverse Fate malign'd,
 " Unweeting of mishap, and wrought my doom, 60

"Drench'd with excess of wine: prone from the top
 "Of Circe's tower I fell, and the neck bones
 "Disjointing, dy'd. But to your pious care
 "Suppliant, I beg by those endearing names
 "Of parent, wife, and son, (tho' distant, dear 70
 "To your remembrance) when you re-ascend
 "To Circe's blissful isle, to my remains
 "Discharge funeral rites; nor let me lie
 "Unwept, unbury'd there, lest Heav'n avenge
 "The due neglect. While the devouring flames 75
 "Consume my carthy, on the flagrant pile
 "My armour cast complete; then raise a tomb
 "For my memorial on the foamy strand,
 "And on it place that oar which erst I ply'd
 "With my associates." Pensive I rejoïn, 80
 "Poor Shade! I'll pay the decent rites you crave."

While with the friendly phantom I maintain'd
 Such melancholy parleys, with brandish'd steel
 Guarding the goary pool, I thro' th' obscure
 My mother * view'd: her lineage she deriv'd 85
 From Maia's wingy son, and ceas'd to breathe
 This vital air since I my legion led
 To war on Ilium. From my pitying eyes
 Abundant sorrow stream'd; but tho' regret
 Wither'd my resolution, from the pool 90
 I made the dear maternal form recede,

Till I should learn from the grave Theban seer
 The sum of fate. The sage at length advanc'd,
 - bring a golden sceptre, and began:
 "Son of Laertes! what misfortunes dire 95
 "Compel your progress from th' all-cheering fun,
 "And heav'nly azure, in this seat of woe
 "To roam among the dead? but from the pool
 "Withdraw, and sheath your falchion, while I taste
 "That bloody beverage, then the Fate's decree 100
 "Instant I'll utter." Sudden I withdrew.
 Sheathing my falchion whilst he drank the gore:
 'Then thus the seer pronounc'd the Fates' decree.

- " What means may best besit your wish'd return,
 " Illustrious Greek! you'd know. The sov'reign pow'r
 " Whose strong earth-shaking mace the floods reverse,
 " Insidious waits a time to wreak revenge 107
 " For Polypheme his son, whose visual orb
 " You late eclips'd with ever during shade.
 " Howe'er you safe may voyage, and avoid 110
 " Disasters various, if your mates refrain
 " From sacrilegious spoil, when late they tread
 " Trinacria's herby soil, for there the flocks
 " And herds of Phœbus o'er the verd'rous lawn 114
 " Browse fatt'ning pasture, (he, the world's great eye,
 " Views all below his orient beam, nor ought
 " Can shun his wakeful eye) with evil hand
 " If then they seize, unerring I foretel
 " An hideous wreck. Unequal to the storm,
 " Your ship, deep in the nether waves ingulf'd, 120
 " Shall perish with her crew: you shall regain
 " I he dry, without surviving friend to cheer
 " Your pilgrim steps; however late and hard,
 " You shall revisit your lov'd natal shore,
 " Transported in a vessel not your own. 125
 " Much of domestic damage and misrule
 " Will sadden your return; for in your court
 " Suitors voluptuous swarm, with am'rous wiles
 " Studious to win your consort, and seduce
 " Her from chaste fealty to joys impure, 130
 " In bridal pomp; vain efforts! but they soon
 " By stratagem, or your puissant arm,
 " To ruin are fore-doom'd. Then to a race
 " Remote from ocean, who with savoury salt
 " Ne'er season their repast, nor vessel view'd 135
 " Furrowing the foamy flood with painted prow,
 " And all her tackle trim, with speed repair,
 " Carrying a taper oar: way-faring thus,
 " One journeying obvious will misname that oar
 " A corn van; fix it there, and victims slay 140
 " To Neptune rev'rent; from the fleecy fold
 " A ram select, and from the beeves and swine
 " The choicest male entire of either herd.

- " Thence homeward haste, and hecatombs prepare
 " For the bright order of the gods, who reign 145
 " Spher'd in empyreal splendours. White with years,
 " The balm of life evaporating flow.
 " At length, when Neptune points the dart of death*,
 " Without a pang you'll die, and leave your land
 " With fair abundance blest'd. In these fix'd laws
 " O Fate! repole affiance, and beware." 151
 I thus reply'd: " In this authentic will
 " O Fate, O Seer! I acquiesce; but, lo!
 " Pensive, and silent, by the goary pool
 " Abid's my mother's shade, nor me vouchsafes 155
 " Language or look benign: oh! tell me how
 " She here may recognize me." He rejoind;
 " Whatever ghost by your permission slips
 " That faced purple, will to all your quest
 " Without deceit reply; the rest withdraw 160
 " At your stern injunction." This said, the seer
 To the high capital of Dis retir'd:
 Mean-time I sit abode, till the dear shade
 Had sipp'd the sacred purple, then her son
 Instant she knew, and wailing thus began: 165
 " My son! how reach'd you these Tartarean bounds,
 " Corporeal? Many a river interfus'd,
 " And gulfs unvoyageable, from access
 " Debar each living wight; besides th' expanse
 " Of ocean wide to sail. Are you from Troy 170
 " With your associate peers but now return'd,
 " Erroneous from your wife and kingdom still?"
 I thus: " By strong necessity constrain'd,
 " Driv'n to these nether realms I have presum'd
 " An earthly guest, to hear my doom disclos'd 175
 " By sage Tiresias; for since I led
 " Auxiliar bands, with Agamemnon leagu'd
 " To war on Ilium, traversing the main
 " Thro' various perils, I have voyag'd far
 " Estrang'd from Greece. But say by what disease,
 " Slow consumption, thro' the gates of Death, 181
 Prone did you pass? or by Diana's dart

* He was killed by the bite of a sea-turtle.

- "Transfix'd a sudden fate? My hoary fire,
 "Survives he? Is my bloomy son possess'd
 "Of my domain? or groans it now beneath 185
 "Usurping pow'rs, why lord it uncontroll'd,
 "Thoughtless of my return? My consort dear,
 "Abides she with my son of all his rights
 "A guardian regent? or, no longer mine,
 "Hath she been won to plight connubial vows? 190
 The venerable shade thus answer'd mild:
 "Still in your regal dome your spouse abides
 "Disconsolate, with ever flowing eyes
 "Wailing your absence; and your son, possess'd
 "Of principality, with his compeers, 195
 "Bounteous of soul, free intercourse maintains
 "Of social love. Beneath a sylvan lodge,
 "Far from the cheerful steps of men, your sire
 "Lives inconsolable, on gorgeous beds,
 "With rich embroidery spread, and purple palls, 200
 "No more indulging sweet repose; but, clad
 "In coarse attire, couch'd with his village hinds,
 "On the warm hearth he sleeps when winter reigns
 "Inclement, till the circling months return
 "New-rob'd in flow'ring verdure; then the vines
 "High interwove a green pavillion form, 206
 "Where, pillow'd on the leaves, he mourns for you
 "Nocturnal; to th' unfriendly damp of age
 "Adding corrosive anguish and despair.
 "So perish'd I with slow-consuming pile! 211
 "Me nor the silver shafted goddess slew
 "Nor racking malady; but anxious love
 "Of my Ulysses on my vitals prey'd,
 "And sunk my age with sorrow to the grave. 215
 She ceas'd: I thrice with filial fondness strove
 To embrace the much-lov'd form, and thrice it fled,
 Deceptive as a dream. Anew with grief
 Heart-chill'd I spake; "Why, Mother, will you fly
 "Your son's encircling arms? O here permit
 "My dutious love, and let our sorrows flow, 220
 "Mingling in one full stream! Or hark the queen,
 "Whose frown the shades revere, to work me woe,

"A guileful image, form'd?" She thus replies:

"Of all mankind, O most to grief inur'd!

"Deem not that aught of guile by phantoms vain

"Is here intended; but the essence pure 226

"Of separate souls is of all living touch

"Impassive: here no gross material frame

"We wear, with flesh incumber'd, nerves, and bone;

"They're calcin'd on the pile: but when we cease

"To draw the breath of life, the soul on wing 231

"Fleets like a dream, from elemental dross

"Disparted and refin'd. Now to the realms

"Illumin'd with the sun's enliv'ning beam,

"Hence journeying upward, to your consort dear

"Disclose the secrets of our state below." 236

Thus we alternate, till a beauteous train

Of nobles near advance their steps, enlarg'd

By radiant Proserpine, daughters and wives

To kings and heroes old: the goary pool 240

The fair assembly thick surround, to sip

The tasteful liquid: I the fates of each

Desirous to hear stor'd, wave my sword

In airy circles, while they singly fate

Their appetites; then curious ask of each 245

Her ancestry, which all in order told.

Tyro first audience claim'd, the daughter fair

Of great Salmonæus; she with Crethus shar'd

Connubial love, but long in virgin bloom

Enamour'd of Enipeus, imly pin'd; 250

Enipeus, swift from whose reclining urn

Roll'd a delicious flood. His lovely form

Neptune assur'd, and the bright nymph beguil'd,

Waxing, love-pensive, near his amber stream:

Them plunging in the slopy flood receiv'd 255

Redounding; and to screen his am'rous theft,

On either side the parted waves up-rear'd

A crystal mound. Potent of rapt'rous joy,

And sated, thus he spake: "Hail, royal fair!

"Thy womb shall teem with twins, (a god's embrace

~~Is~~ ever fruit~~ful~~) and those pledges dear 261

"Of our sweet casual bliss nurture and tend

“ With a fond mother’s care : hence homeward speed,

“ And from all human ken our am’rous act

“ Conceal : so Neptune bids thee now farewell.” 265

He ceas’d, and diving, sudden was ingulf’d

Deep in the gurgling eddy. Two fair sons

Th’ appointed months discharg’d, by supreme Jove

Both scepter’d : Pelias first his empire wide

Stretch’d o’er Iolcos, whose irriguous vales 270

His grazing folds o’erflee’d ; her younger birth,

Neleus, was honour’d thro’ the sandy realm

Of Pylus. She by Cretheus then espous’d,

A fair increase, Æson and Pheres, bore,

And great Amythaon, who with fiery steeds 275

Oit’ disarray’d the foes in battle rang’d.

The daughter of Asopus next I view’d,

Antiope, boastful that she, by Jove

Impregnate, had the fam’d Amphion born,

And Zethus, founder of imperial Thebes, 280

Stately with seven large gates, and bulwark’d strong

Against invading pow’rs. Alcmena fair,

Amphitryon’s consort, then advanc’d to view,

To heaven’s supreme who bore Alcides, bold

And lion-hearted. Next that lovely shade 285

Stood Megara, of Creon’s royal race,

By great Alcides spous’d. To her succeeds

The sheeny form of Epicaste, woo’d

By Oedipus her son, to whom she deign’d

Spousal embraces, thoughtless of misdeed ; 290

He having too (ill-star’d !) destroy’d his sire,

His lineage with incestuous mixture soil’d,

Blinded by Destiny ; but the just gods

Disclos’d th’ unnatural scene. In Thebes he sway’d,

With various ills by Heaven’s afflictive rod 295

Discomfited ; but she thro’ fell despair

Self-strangled from the strings of mortal life

Fled to the shades, and her surviving son

With delegated furies fierce pursu’d.

An amiable image next appear’d, 300

Bright Chloris, of Amphion’s lofty stem

The youngest bud : in sweet attractive pomp

- A her the Graces ever-waiting smit
 The heart of Neleus, whom the Pylian tribes
 Ilomag'd with fealty: from their wedded love 305
 Sprung Nestor, Chromius, and the boastful pow'r
 Of Pereclymeneus, besides a nymph,
 Pero, of form divine: her virgin vows
 By many a prince were sought, but Neleus deign'd
 To none her bed but him whose prowess'd aim 310
 Should force from Phylace a furious herd
 Of wild Thessalian heeves, t' avenge the dow'
 Which Iphiclus detain'd. This bold enterprise
 • A feer accepted; but, in combat foil'd,
 In thrall for twelve revolving months he lay 315
 Deep in a dungeon close immur'd, till found
 Divine of Fate, by solving problems quaint
 Which Iphiclus propos'd, who trait dismiss'd
 The captive; so was Jove's high will complete.
 Then Leda, spous'd by Tyndarus, I saw, 320
 Mother of the fam'd twins; Castor, expert
 To tame the steed, and Pollux, far renown'd
 On list'd fields for conflict; who from Jove
 Receiv'd a graceful boon like gods to live,
 Mounting alternate to this upper orb. 325
 Next Iphimedia glides in view, the wife
 Of great Alceus, who in love compress'd
 By Neptune, bore (so she the fact avow'd)
 Otus and Ephialtes, whom the Fates
 Cut short in early prime: their infant years 330
 Nurtur'd by earth, enormous both attain'd.
 Gigantic stature, and for manly grace
 Were next Orion rank'd; for in the course
 Of nine swift circling years nine cubits broad
 • Their shoulders measur'd, and nine ells their height.
 Improvident of soul, they vainly dar'd 336
 The gods to war, and on Olympus hoar
 Rear'd Ossa, and on Ossa Pelion pil'd,
 • Torn from the base with all its woods, by scale
 T' assault heaven's battlements; and had their date
 To manhood been prolong'd had sure achiev'd
 • Their ruinous aim; but by the silver dart

Of Phoebus sheer transfix'd, ere springing'down
Shaded their rosy youth, they both expir'd.

Ill-fated Phædra then with Procris came, 345

And Ariadne, who them both surpass'd,

In goddess-like demeanor: from her fire

Minos, the rigid arbiter of right,

Theseus of old convey'd her, with intent

At Athens, link'd in love, with her to reign: 350

But stern Diana, by the guileful plea

Of Bacchus won, dissolv'd soon their joys,

And caus'd the lovely nymph to fall forlorn

In Dia, with circumfluous seas ingert,

Of nuptial rights detoured. Next advance 355

Mera and Clymenè, a beauteous pair;

And Eriphyle, whose once radiant charms

A cloud of sorrow dimm'd; for she, devoid

Of dutrous love, for gold betray'd her lord:—

Here let me cease narration, nor relate 360

What other objects fair, daughters and wives

Of heroes old, I saw; for now the night

In clouded majesty has journey'd far,

Admonishing to rest, which with my mates,

Or here with you, my wearied nature craves; 365

Mean-time affianc'd in the gods and you

To speed my voyage to my native realm.

He ceas'd: a while th' attentive audience sat

In silent rapture; his persuasive tongue,

Mellifluous, so with eloquence had charm'd 370

Their still insatiate ears: at length thus spake

The queen Arete, graceful and humane.

“Think ye, Phæacians! that the godlike form,

“The port, the wisdom, of this wand'rer, claim

“Aught of regard? Peculiar him my guest 375

“I style; but since the honour he vouchsafes

“Delighted ye partake, give not too soon

“Him signal of departure, but prepare,

“With no penurious hand, proportion'd gifts,

“Vying in bounteous deeds, since Heav'n hath shower'd

“Your peerage with abundant favours boon.” 380

Up rose Echeueus then, whose wavy locks,
 Silver'd with age, adorn'd his rev'rend brow,
 Fraught with maturest counsel, and began
 Addressing his compeers: "Rightful and wise 385
 "The queens proposal is: let none demur
 "Obedience to her will: Alcinous best
 "By fair ensample may prescribe the rule."
 Alcinous from his bed of state reply'd,
 With aspect bland: "While here I live enthron'd,
 "Jove's delegate of empire, and this hand 391
 "Sways the Phæacian sceptre, will I cheer
 "Th'erroneous and afflicted with meet acts
 "Of regal bounty; but our princely guest
 "Must, tho' impatient, for a time deter 395
 "His voyage, that with due munificence
 "Our gifts may be prepar'd. Let all accord
 "Benevolent, and free to furnish stores
 "Worthy acceptance; me you shall confide
 "The first in bounty as the first in pow'r." 401
 He ended, and Ulysses answer'd blithe:
 "O thou! by kingly virtues justly rais'd
 "To this imperial eminence; by thee
 "Were I detain'd till the revolving sun
 "Completes his annual circle, in thy will 405
 "I acquiesce obedient, till meet stores
 "For my return be rais'd; then at my realm
 "With royal largesses arriving grac'd,
 "And gay retinue, straight the wond'ring Greeks 409
 "Will dear respect and prompter homage yield."
 To whom Alcinous: "Your distinguish'd worth
 "Too plain is character'd in all your port
 "To doubt you of those vagrant clans who roam
 "Fallacious, and with copious legend take
 "The credulous ear; you, with severest truth 415
 "Rob'd in rich eloquence, instruct and please:
 "When (like some bard, vers'd in heroic theme
 "Attemper'd to the lyre) you sweetly tell
 "Whate'er in Grecian story was of old
 "Recorded eminent, or when you speak 420
 "Your own disastrous fate. But now proceed;

- " Say affable, if while you low sojourn'd
 " In gross Tartarean gloom, the mighty shades
 " Of those brave warring Greeks appear'd who fell
 " By doom of battle; for the ling'ring night 425
 " Hath yet much space to measure, and the hour
 " Of sleep is far to come: I can attend,
 " With ravishment, to hear the pleasing tale,
 " Fruitful of wonders, till the roseate morn
 " Purples the east." Ulysses thus reply'd: 430
 " Due time, O King! for converse and repose
 " Is still remaining? nor will I refuse,
 " With coy denial, what the sacred ear
 " Of Majesty with audience deigns to grace.
 " Hear next how my associate warriors fell, 435
 " O'erwhelm'd with huge afflictions, and oppress'd
 " In their own realms by feminine deceit,
 " To them more fatal than the prowess'd foe.
 " When, by imperious Proserpine recall'd,
 " The lady-train dispers'd, the pensive form 440
 " Of Agamemnon came, with those begirt
 " Whom, in one common fate involv'd, of life
 " Ægyptus had bereav'd. Sipping the gore,
 " He recogniz'd me instant, and outstretch'd
 " His unsubstantial arms, exhausted now 445
 " Of all their vital vigour; with shrill plaints
 " Piercing the doleful region far: mine eyes,
 " Sore wounded with the piteous object, dead,
 " Effus'd a flood of tears, while thus I spake:
 " O king of Hosts! O ever-honour'd son 450
 " Of Atreus! say to what severe decree
 " Of destiny you bow'd. By Neptune's wrath
 " Tempesting th' ocean, did you there expire,
 " Whelm'd in the wat'ry aby's? or fell you arm'd,
 " Making fierce inroad on some hostile coast, 455
 " To ravage herds and flocks? or in assault
 " Of some imperial fortress, thence to win
 " Rich spoils and beauteous captives, were you slain,
 " Defeated of your seizure?" He replied:
 " I perish'd not, my Friend! by Neptune's wrath,
 " Whelm'd in the ocean wave; nor dy'd in arms, 461

- " Heroic deeds attempting; but, receiv'd
 " From base Ægyffhus and my baser queen
 " Irreparable doom whilst I partook
 " Refreshment, and at supper jovial sat, 465
 " Slain like an ox that's butcher'd at the crib,
 " A death most lamentable! Round me lay
 " An hedious carnage of my breathless friends,
 " Like beasts new slaughter'd for the bridal board
 " Of some luxurious noble, or devote 470
 " To solemn festival. On well-fought fields
 " You various scenes of slaughter have survey'd,
 " And in fierce tournament; yet had it quell'd
 " Your best of man to view us on the floor
 " Rolling in death, with viands round us spread, 475
 " And pond'rous vases bruis'd, while human gore
 " Flooded the pavement wide. With thrilling cries
 " Cassandra pierc'd my ear, whom at my side
 " False Clytemnestra slew. T'avenge her wrong,
 " I with a dying grasp my sabre seiz'd; 480
 " But the cups'd assassin withdrew, nor clos'd
 " My lips and eyes. O Woman! Woman! none
 " Of Nature's savage train have less remorse
 " In perpetrating crimes: to kill her mate
 " What beast was e'er accomplice? I return'd, 485
 " Hopeful in affluence of domestic joy
 " To reign, encircled with my offspring dear,
 " And court retire; but my traitress wife
 " On female honour hath diffus'd a stain
 " Indelible; and her pernicious arts, 490
 " Recorded for reproach on all the sex,
 " Shall wound soft Innocence with touch of blame.
 " I answer'd: " O ye Pow'rs! by women's wiles
 " Love works sure bane to all th' imperial race
 " Of Atreus still; for Helen's vagrant lust 495
 " Greece mourns her states dispeopled; and you fell
 " By your adult'res!" Plaintive he reply'd:
 " By my disasters warn'd, to woman's faith
 " Unbosom nought momentous; tho' she peal
 " Your ear, (by nature importune to know) 500
 " Unlock not all your secrets. But your wife,

- "Of prudent meek deport, no train of ill;
 "Will meditate for you by force or guile:
 "Her, when we led th' embattled Greeks to Troy,
 "We left in blooming beauty fresh; your son 505
 "Then hanging on her breast, who now to man
 "Full grown, with men associates; your approach
 "With rapture he will meet, and glad his fire
 "With filial duty dear; a bliss to me
 "Not deign'd; my son I saw not e'er I fell 510
 "A victim to my wife! Then, timely warn'd,
 "Trust not to woman's ken the time prefix'd
 "For your return to Greece. But hie, sincere,
 "Aught have you heard where my Orestes bides?
 "In rich Orchomenus or sandy Pyle? 515
 "Or with my brother lives he more secure
 "In spacious Sparta? for of this dark realm
 "He's not inhabitant." I thus rejoind:
 "Vain is your quest, Atrides. Whether Fate
 "Permits your son to draw the breath of Heav'n, 520
 "Friendly to life, or whether in these shades
 "He roams a ghost, I know not; nor with speech
 "False or ambiguous will beguile your ear."
 While mournful thus we talk'd, suffus'd with tears
 Of tender sympathy, young Peleus came, 525
 With his associates most in life below'd,
 Faithful Patroclus, and th' egregious son*
 Of Nestor, great in arms; with them (conjoin'd
 In amicable converse, ev'n by death
 Uncancell'd) walk'd the tall illustrious shade 530
 Of Ajax, with attractive grace adorn'd
 And prowess, paragon'd for both to none
 But great Achilles; me the goddess-born
 Ey'd curious. and at length thus sad began:
 "What cause, Ulysses! moves thy mind, expert 535
 "Of warlike machinations; what emprise
 "Hath aught of such importance as to tempt
 "This diu descent, where we in dolorous night,
 "Frail incorporeal forms, are doom'd abode?"
 "O peerless Chief!" I cry'd, "of all the Greeks 540

- " The foremost name! I hither am constrain'd,
 " From the wise Theban oracle to hear
 " By means reveal'd how to revilit safe
 " My native realm: by rigid Fate repell'd,
 " I'm exil'd yet, with troops of various ills 545
 " Surrounded. But the gods, to your high worth
 " Ever propitious, crown their fav'rite chief
 " With choicer blessings than the eye of time
 " Yet saw conferr'd, or future shall behold:
 " On earth you equal honours with the gods 550
 " From us receiv'd; nor by the stroke of Fate
 " Sink with diminish'd lustre, but supreme
 " Reign o'er the shades." He solemn sad reply'd:
 " "Reign here supreme! deem not thy eloquence
 " Can aught console my doom: rather on earth 555
 " A village slave I'd be than titled here
 " Imperial and august. But say me true,
 " Or did my son illustrate his descent
 " First in the files of war, or fled he pale
 " A recreant from the fight? Do all our tribes 560
 " In Pythia still revere my father's throne?
 " Or lives he now of regal pow'r despoil'd,
 " A weak condemn'd old man, wanting my arm
 " To hold his sceptre firm? that arm! which erst 564
 " Warring for Greece, bestrew'd the Phrygian plains
 " With many a prowess'd knight! Would Heav'n re-
 " The same puissant form, I'd soon avenge [store
 " His injur'd age, and re-assert his claim."
 " He ceasing, I reply'd: "Of Peleus' state
 " Pante hath to me been silent; but attend 570
 " While I th' achievements of thy glorious son
 " Blazon, as truth shall dictate. Him to Troy
 " From Scyros o'er the Ægean safe I bore
 " To join th' embattled Greeks: whene'er we sat
 " In council, to mature some high design, 575
 " First of the peerage, with persuasive speech
 " His sentence he disclos'd, by all confess'd
 " The third from Nestor: but whene'er we mov'd
 " In battailous array, and the shrill clang
 " Of onset sounded, he, with haughty strides, 580

" Advancing in the van the foremost chief,
 " Pierc'd thro' the adverse legions, nor was deem'd
 " Not equal to the best. Each hardy deed,
 " Which in his country's cause the youth achiev'd,
 " Were long to tell; but by his jav'lin'dy'd 585
 " Eupylus, of all th' auxiliar hands
 " Fam'd after Memnon first, with many a peer
 " Of Pergameian race, around him strown.
 " When in the wooden horse, by Epeus form'd,
 " Selected heroes lay, aghast and pale 590
 " The rest, shudd'ring with fear, let round him drops
 " Roll from their drooping eyes, he sole abode
 " Undaunted, undismay'd; no chilling doubt
 " Frosted his damask cheek, nor silent tear
 " Cours'd from its crystal sluice, but gasping fierce
 " His spear and falchion, for the combat grew 596
 " Impatient, menacing decisive rout
 " To Troy's opponent pow'rs; and when the height
 " Of Ilion had receiv'd the final stroke
 " From Grecian valour, with barbaric spoil, 600
 " To his high fame proportion'd, he return'd,
 " Unmark'd with hostile wound, tho' round him Mars
 " With tenfold rage oft' made the battle burn."

I ended: joy ineffable possess'd
 The great paternal shade; his steps he rais'd 605
 With more majestic portance o'er the mead
 Vernant with asphodel, elate to hear
 His son's exploits emblazon'd fair by Fame.

The rest, a pensive circle, round await
 Reciting various dooms, to mortal ear . 610
 Calamitous and sad! from these apart
 The Telamonian hero, whom I foil'd
 In contest for Achilles' arms, abode
 Sullen with measur'd wrath: the fatal strife
 By Thetis was propos'd, and ev'ry judge 615
 Instruct by Pallas, to my claim declar'd
 The prize of right. O! why was I constrain'd
 By honour to prevail, and cause to die
 Ajax, the chief with manly grace adorn'd,
 And prowess; paragon'd for both to none 620

But the great son of Peleus! him with speech
Lenient of wiath I thus accosted mild:

“ Ajax! let this oblivious gloom deface
“ The memory of those arms which Heav’n decreed
“ Pernicious to the Greeks, who lost in thee 625
“ Their tow’r of strong defence: to mourn thy fall
“ The voice of Grief along the tented shore
“ Was heard, as loud as when the flow’r of war,
“ Divine Achilles, dy’d: nor deem that aught
“ Of human interpos’d to urge thy doom, 630
“ But ireful Jove, to punish all our host,
“ Cut off its darling hope. O royal Shade!
“ Approach, and affable to me vouchsafe
“ Mild audience, calining thy tempestuous rage.”

Vain was my suit! for with th’ unbody’d troop 635
Of spectres, fleeing to th’ interior shade
Of Erebus, he to my friendly speech
Disdain’d reply; yet to that dark recess
Had I pursu’d his flight, he must have borne
Unwilling correspondence, forc’d by Fate, 640
Impassion’d as he was; but I refrain’d,
For other visions drew my curious eye.

Intent I saw, with golden sceptre, grave
Minos, the son of Jove, to the pale ghosts
Dispensing equity; with faded looks 645
They thro’ the wade Plutonian hall appear’d
Frequent and full, and argu’d each his cause
At that tribunal, trembling whilst he weigh’d
Their pleaded reason. Of portentous size
Orion next I view’d; a brazen mace 650
Invincible he bore, in fierce pursuit
Of those huge mountain savages he slew
While habitant of earth, whose grizzly forms
He urg’d in chase the flow’ry mead along.

Nor unobserv’d lay stretch’d upon the marle 655
Tityus, earth-born, whose body, long and large,
Cover’d nine acres: there two vultures sat
Of appetite insatiate, and with beaks
For ravine bent, unintermitting gor’d
His liver, powerless he put to flight 660

The fierce devourers! to this penance judg'd
 For rape intended on Latona fair,
 The paramour of Jove, as she sojourn'd
 To Pytho o'er the Panopeian lawns,
 Delicious landscape!—In a limpid lake 665
 Next Tantalus a doleful lot abides;
 Chin-deep he stands, yet with afflictive drought
 Incessant pines, while ever as he bows
 To sip refreshment, from his parching thirst
 The guileful water glides. Around the pool 670
 Fruit-trees of various kinds umbrageous spread
 Their pamper'd boughs; racy the olive green,
 The ripe pomegranate, big with vinous pulp,
 The luscious fig sky-ly'd, the tasteful pear
 Vermillion'd half, and apples mellowing sweet 675
 In burnish'd gold, luxuriant o'er him wave,
 Exciting hunger, and fallacious hope
 Of food ambrosial:—when he tries to seize
 The copious fruitage fair, a sudden gust
 Whirls it aloof amid th' uncumbent gloom. 680

Then Sisyphus, the nearest mate in woe,
 Drew my regard; he with distended nerves
 A pond'rous stone rolls up a rugged rock;
 Urg'd up the steep cliff slow with hand and foot
 It mounts; but bordering on the cloudy peak, 685
 Precipitous adown the slopy side
 The rapid orb devolving back renews
 Eternal toil, which he, with dust besmear'd,
 And dew'd with smothering sweat, incessant plies.

I last the visionary semblance view'd 690
 Of Hercules, a shadowy form; for he,
 The real son of Jove, in Heav'n's high court
 Abides, associate with the gods, and shares
 Celestial banquets; where, with soft disport
 Of love, bright Hebe in her radiant dome 695
 Treats him nocturnal. With terrific clang
 Surrounding ghosts, like fowl, the region wing
 Vexatious, while the threat'ning image stands
 Gloomy as night, from his bent battle-bow
 In act to let th' aerial arrow fly. 700

Athwart his breast a military zone
 Dreadful he wore, where grinn'd in fretted gold
 Grim woodland savages, with various scenes
 Of war, fierce jousting knights, and havoc dire,
 With matchless art pourtray'd; me straight he knew,
 And, piteous of my state, address'd me thus: 706

"O exercis'd in grief! illustrious son
 "Of good Laertes, fam'd for warlike wiles!
 "Fated thou art (like me, what time I breath'd
 "Ethereal draught) beneath unnumber'd toils 710
 "To groan oppress'd: ev'n I, the seed of Jove,
 "Combated various ills, and was adjudg'd
 "By an inferior wretch (what could he more?)
 "To drag to light the triple-crossed dog
 "That guards hell's massy portal: I achiev'd 715
 "The task enjoin'd thro' the propitious aid
 "Of Mercury and Pallas, who vouchsaf'd
 "Their friendly guidance;" then without reply
 'To Pluto's court majestic he retir'd.

Mean-time for others of heroic note 720
 I waited, in the lists of ancient fame
 Enroll'd illustrious; and had haply seen
 Great Theseus, and Perithous his compeer,
 The race of gods; but at the hideous scream
 Of spectres issuing from the dark profound 725
 I wax'd infirm of purpose, fore-determin'd
 Lest Proserpine should send Medusa, curl'd
 With snaky locks, to fix me in her realm
 Stiff with Gorgonian horror. To the ship
 Retreating speedy thence, I bade my mates 730
 To shove from shore: joyous they straight began
 To stem the tide, and brush'd the whitening seas
 Till the fresh gales reliev'd the lab'ring oar. 733

SAPPHO TO PHAON.

A LOVE EPISTLE.

TRANSLATED FROM OVID.

WHAT, after all my art, will you demand,
 Before the whole be read, the writer's hand
 And could you guess from whom this letter came,
 Before you saw it sign'd with Sappho's name?
 Don't wonder, since I'm form'd for lyrics, why
 The strain is turn'd to plaintive elegy:
 I mourn my slighted love: alas! my lute,
 And upright odes, would ill with sorrow suit.
 I'm scorch'd, "I burn" like fields of corn on fire,
 When winds to fan the furious blaze conspire. 10
 To flaming *Ætna* Phaon's pleas'd to roan,
 But Sappho feels a fiercer flame at home.
 No more my thoughts in even numbers flow;
 Verge best befit a mind devoid of woe.
 No more I court the nymphs I once carest, 15
 But Phaon rules unrival'd in my breast.
 Fair is thy face, thy youth is fit for joy;
 A fatal face to me, too cruel Boy!
 Enslav'd to those enchanting looks, that wear
 The blush of *Bacchus*, and *Apollo's* air: 20
 Alas! the garb of either god, in thee
 Whom either god may see;
 Yet they contend the power of female charms
 A *Daphne's* flight, and *Ariadne's* arms;
 No weaker *Nymph* was found for wit, to move, 25
 Th'aching arts, the rigid soul to love.
 To me the Muse vouchsafes celestial fire,
 And my soft numbers glow with warm desire;
Alcæus and myself alike the crown'd,
 For softness I, and he for strength renown'd. 30
 Beauty, 'tis true, penurious *Heaven* denies,
 But wit my want of beauty well supplies:
 My shape I own is short, but yet my name
 Is far diffus'd, and fills the voice of Fame.

If I'm not fair, young Per eus did adore 35
 The swarthy graces of the royal Moor *.
 The milk white doves with mottled mites are join'd
 And the gay parrot to the turtle's kind.
 But if you'll fly from love's connubial rites
 Till one as charming as yourself invites, 40
 None of our sex can ever bless your bed;
 Ne'er think of wooing, for you ne'er can wed.
 Yet, when you read my verse, you lik'd each line,
 And swore no numbers were so sweet as mine;
 I sang, (that pleasing image still is plain, 4
 Such tender things we lovers long retain!)
 And ev'n when the warbling notes I rais'd,
 You with fierce kisses stifled what you prais'd:
 Some winning grace in ev'ry act you found,
 But in full tides of ecstacy were drown'd; 50
 When, murmuring in the melting joys of love,
 Round your's my curling locks began to move;
 But now the bright Sicilian mends adore
 The youth who seem'd so fond of me before.
 Send back, send back my fugitive! for he 55
 Will vow to you the vows he made to me:
 That smooth deceiving tongue of his can charm
 The coyest ear, the roughest pride disarm.
 Oh! aid thy poets, great queen of Love!
 Auspicious to my growing passion prove! 60
 Fortune was cruel to my tender
 And still pursues with unrelenting rage.
 Of parents, whilst a child, I was bereft,
 To the wide world an helpless orphan left:
 My brother, in a strumpet's vile embrace, 65
 Lavish'd a large estate to buy disgrace,
 And, doom'd to traffic, on the main is tost,
 Warning with danger what with shame he lost
 And vows revenge on me, who shou'd to blame
 His conduct, and was careless of his fame: 70
 And then (as if the woes I bore beside
 Were yet too high) my little daughter dy'd:
 But, after all these pangs of sorrow past,
 A worse came on, for Phaox came at last!

* Andromeda.

No gems nor rich embroider'd silks I wear ; 75
 No more in artful curls I comb my hair ;
 No golden threads the wavy locks inwreath,
 Nor Syrian oils diffusive odours breathe
 Why should I put such gay allurements on,
 Now he, the darling of my soul, is gone ? 80
 Soft is my breast, and keen the killing dart,
 And he who gave the wound deserves my heart :
 My fate is fix'd, for such the Fates decreed
 That he should wound, and Sappho's bosom bleed.
 By the smooth blandishments of verie betray'd, 85
 In vain I call my reason to my aid :
 The Muse is faithless to the fair at best,
 But fatal in a love-sick lady's breast.

Yet is it strange to see a youth should dart
 Flames so resistless to a woman's heart ? 90
 Him had Aurora seen, he soon had seiz'd
 Her soul, and Cephalus no more had pleas'd :
 Chaste Cynthia, did she once behold his charms,
 For Phaon's would forsake Endymion's arms ;
 Venus would bear him to her bow'r above, 95
 But there she dreads a rival in his love.
 O fair perfection thou ! nor youth, nor boy,
 Fix'd in the bright meridian point for joy !
 Come, on my panting breast thy head recline ;
 Thy love I ask not, only suffer mine : 100
 While this I ask (but ask I fear in vain !)
 See how my falling tears the letter stain.

At least why should you not vouchsafe to shew
 A kind regret, and say, " My dear, adieu !"
 Nor parting kifs I gave, nor tender tear ; 105
 My ruin flew on swifter wings than fear :
 My wrongs, too safely treasur'd in my mind,
 Are all the pledges Phaon left behind ;
 Nor could I make my last desire to thee,
 Sometimes to see thy pitying thought on me.
 But, Gods ! when first the killing news I heard
 What pale amazement in my looks appear'd !
 A while o'erwhelm'd with unexpected woe,
 My tongue forbore to speak, my eyes to flow :

But when my sense was waken'd to despair,
 I beat my tender breast, and tore my hair ;
 As a distracted mother weeps forlorn,
 When to the grave her fondling babe is borne.
 Mean-while my cruel brother, for relief,
 With scorn insults me, and derides my grief : 120
 " Poor Soul ! " he cries, " I doubt she grows sincere ;
 " Her daughter is return'd to me I fear."
 Minil is of raine, I to the world reveal
 The love so long I labour'd to conceal.
 Thou, thou art false, and all the world, to me ; 125
 A day I dote, and dream all night, of thee :
 Tho' Phaon fly to regions far remote,
 By Sleep his image to my bed is brought :
 Around my neck thy fond embraces twine,
 Anon I think my arms encircle thine
 Then the warm wishes of my soul I speak,
 Which from my tongue in murmurs break.
 Heav'n ! with thy balmy lips my lips are prest ;
 And then, ah, then ! - I blush to waste the rest.
 Thus in my dreams thou bright 135
 And gild the glowing scenes
 With life alone my lingering love must end :
 On thee, my love, my life, in
 But at the dawning day my pleasures
 And I (too soon !) perceive thee disappear
 In caves and grove, I seek thee vainly in my 140
 The caves and groves afford me no relief
 Frantic I rove, disorder'd with despair,
 And to the winds unbind my scatter'd hair.
 I find the shades which to our joy were kind, 145
 But my false Phaon there no more I find :
 With him the caves were cool, the grove was green,
 But now his absence withers all the scene
 There weeping, I the grassy couch survey,
 Where side by side we once together lay : 15
 I fall where thy forsaken print appears,
 And the kind turf imbibes my flowing tears.
 The birds and trees to grief assistance bring,
 These drop their leaves, and they forbear to sing :

Poor Philomel, of all the choir, alone 155-
 Her mangled Itys, warbles out her moan ;
 Her moan for him trills sweetly thro' the grove,
 While Sappho sings of ill-requited love.

To this dear solitude the Naiads bring
 Their fruitful urns, to form a silver spring : 160

The trees that on the shady margin grow,
 Are green above, the barks are green below :
 Here, while by sorrow hush'd asleep, I lay,
 Thus, said the guardian Nymph, or seem'd to say :

" Fly, Sappho ! fly ; 'twill cure this deep despair, 165

" To the Leucadian rock in haste repair,

" High on whose hoar'd top an awful fane,

" To Phoebus hush'd, surveys the subject main.

" This despair'd cure, of old, Deucalion try'd,

" For love to fury wrought by Pyrrha's pride ; 170

" Into the waves, as holy rites require,

" Headlong he leap'd, and quench'd his hopelet's fire :

" His frozen breast a sudden flame subdu'd,

" And she, who fled the birth, the youth pursu'd.

" Like him, to give thy raging passion ease, 175

" Precipitate thyself into the seas."

This said, she disappear'd. I, deadly wan,

Rose up, and gushing tears unbounded ran.

I fly, ye Nymphs ! I fly, tho' fear assail

The woman, yet the lover must prevail. 180

In death what terrors can deserve my care ?

The pangs of death are gentler than despair.

Ye Winds ! and, Cupid ! thou, to meet my fall

Your downy pinions spread ; my weight is small.

Thus rescu'd, to the God of Verse I'll bow : 185

Hang up my lute, and thus inscribe my vow :

To Phoebus grateful Sappho gave this lute ;

The gift did both the giv'g and giver suit.

But, Phaon ! why should I this toil endure,

When thy return would cure me ? the cure ?

Thy beauty, and its balmy pow'r, would cure

A Phoebus and Leucadian rock to me.

O harder than the rock to which I go,

And dearer than the waves that war below !

TRANSLATIONS.

Think yet, oh, think ! shall future ages tell 100
 That I to Phaon's scorn a victim fell ?
 Or hadst thou rather see this tender breast
 Bruis'd on the clift than close to Phaon's prest :
 This breast which, fill'd with bright poetic fire,
 You made me once believe you did admire ! 200
 O could it now supply me with address
 To plead my cause, and court thee with success !
 But mighty woes my genius quite control,
 And damp the rising vigour of my soul :
 No more, ye Lesbian Nymphs ! desire a song ; 205
 Mute is my voice, my lute is all unstrung ;
 My Phaon's fled, who made my fancy shine,
 (Ah ! yet I scarce forbear to call him mine.)
 Phaon is fled ! but bring the youth again,
 Inspiring ardours will revive my vein. 210
 But why, alas ! this unavailing pray'r ?
 Vain are my vows, and flee with common air.
 My vows the winds disperse, and make their sport,
 But ne'er will wait him to the Lesbian port.
 Yet if you purpose to return, 'tis wrong 215
 To let your mistress languish here so long.
 Venus for your fair voyage will compose
 The sea, for from the sea the goddess rose :
 Cupid, assisted with propitious gales,
 Will hand the rudder, and direct the sails. 220
 But if relentless to my pray'r you prove,
 If still, unkind without a cause, you'll rove,
 And near to Sappho's longing eyes restore
 That object which her hourly vows implore,
 'Twill be compassion now to avow your hate ; 225
 Write, and confirm the rigour of my fate !
 Then, steel'd with resolution my despair,
 For ever all to the kinder sea repair :
 That last relief for love-sick minds I'll try,
 Phœbus may grant, but Phaon could deny. 230

PHAON TO SAPPHO.

Advertisement.

The Ancients have left us little farther account of Phaon, than that he was an old mariner, whom Venus transformed into a very beautiful youth, whom Sappho, and several other Lesbian ladies, fell passionately in love with; and therefore I thought it might be pardonable to vary the circumstance of his story, and to add what I thought proper, in the following Epistle.

I SOON perceiv'd from whence your letter came,
 Before I saw it sign'd with Sappho's name:
 Such tender thoughts in such a flowing verse
 Did Phœbus to the flying nymph rehearse;
 Yet Fate was deaf to all his pow'rful charms,
 And tore the beautiful Daphne from his arms.
 With such concern your passion I survey
 As when I view a vessel toss'd at sea;
 I beg such friendly pow'r the storm may cease,
 And ev'ry warring wave be lull'd in peace.
 What can I more than wish? for who can free
 The wretch'd from the will the gods decree?
 With gen'rous pity I'll repay your flame;
 Pity! 'tis what deserves a better name;
 Which yet I fear of equal use would prove
 To loo'n a tempest as abate your love.
 How can my art your fierce disease subdue?
 I want, alas! a greater cure than you:
 Benumb'd in death the cold physician lies,
 While for his help the feverish patient cries.
 Call me not cruel, but approach my fate,
 And, list'ning while my woes I here relate,
 Let your soft bosom heave with tender sighs,
 Let melting sorrow languish in your eyes;
 Piteous deplore a wretch constrain'd to rove,
 Whose crime and punishment is slighted love;
 Fix'd for his guilt, to every coming age,
 A monument of Cyprian's cure.
 At Malca born, my race unknown to hear,
 With oars I ply'd; Columbus was my name,
 A name that from the diving birds I bore
 Which seek their fishy food along the shore.

A maid will listen when a lover swears,
And think his faith more real than her fears.
The careful shepherdess secures her flocks
From the devouring wolf and wily fox,
Yet fell herself an undefended prey
To one more cruel and more false than they.
The nuptial joys we there consummate soon,
Safe in the friendly silence of the moon;
And till the birds proclaim'd the dawning day
Beneath a shade of flow'rs in transport lay.
For thus softly fighting, view'd her o'er;
That last re-^{view} taught me what she was before
Ye may say (eager to be gone)
My former pledges with a fainter tone,
And promis'd quick return. The pensive fair
Went with reluctance to her fleecy care,

While I resolv'd to quit my native shore,
 Never to see the late-lov'd Malca more.

Refresh on the waves the morning breezes play, 75

To hear my vessel and my vows away :

With prosperous speed I fly before the wind,

And leave the length of Lesbos all behind.

Far distant from my Malean love at last,

(Secure with twenty leagues between us cast) 80

I furl my sails, and on the Sigrian shore,

Adopting that my seat, the vessel moor ;

Sigrium, from whose aerial height I spy

The distant fields that pore imperial Troy,

Which, still accurs'd for Helen's broken vow, 85

Produce their crops, ungrateful to the plough.

I gaze, revolving in my guilty mind

What future vengeance will my falsehood find,

When kings and empires to forgiveness gain'd

For violated rites and faith profan'd

Sea-faring on that coast led my life, 90

A commoner of love, without a wife ;

Content with casual joys ; and vainly thought

Venus forgave the perjur'd, or forgot.

And now my sixtieth year began to shed 95

An undistinguish'd winter o'er my head,

When, bent for Tenedos, a country dame

(I thought her such) for speedy passage came :

A palsy shook her limbs, a shrivel'd skin

But ill conceal'd the skeleton within ; 100

A monument of time : with equal grace

Her garb had poverty to suit her face.

Extorting first my price I spread my sail,

And steer my course before a merry gale,

Which haply turn'd her tatter'd veil aside, 105

When in her lap a golden vase I spy'd,

Around so rich with orient gems encha.

A flaming torch o'er the golden vase cast, the cur.

With eager eyes I view the tempting banquet...

And, sailing now secure amid the main,

With felon force I seize the seeming crone,

To plunge her in, and make the prize my own.

To Venus straight she chang'd, divine to view!
 The laughing Loves around their mother flew,
 Who, circled with a pomp of Graces, stood,
 Such as the first alicious from the flood.
 I bow'd, ador'd—With terror in her voice,
 "Thy violence (the cry'd) shall win the prize;
 "Renew thy wrinkled form; be young and fair;
 "But soon thy heart shall buy the purchase dear.
 "Nor is revenge forgot, though long delay'd,
 "For vows attested in the Nilean shade—"
 Wrapt in a purple cloud she cut the skies,
 And looking down still threatened with her eyes.
 My heart at length dispell'd, the light of gold
 Can make an avaricious coward bold
 I seiz'd the glittering spoil, in haste to find
 A case to rich with richer treasures lin'd.
 The lid remov'd, the vacant space inclos'd
 An essence with celestial art compos'd,
 Which cures old age, and makes the shrivel'd cheek
 Blushy as Bacchus, and as flebe sleek;
 Strength to the nerves the nectar'd sweets supply,
 And eagle radiance to the faded eye:
 Nor sharp disease, nor want, nor age, have pow'r
 To invade that vigour, and that bloom deflow'r.
 Th' effect I found; for, when return'd to land,
 Some drop, I sprinkled on my sun-burnt hand;
 Where'er they fell, surprising to the sight,
 The freckled brown imbib'd; milky white:
 So look the panther's varied sides, and so
 The pheasant's wing, bedropp'd with flakes of snow.
 I wet the whole, the same celestial hue
 Tinctur'd the whole, meander'd o'er with blue.
 Struck with amazement here, I pause a space;
 Next with the liquid sweets anoint my face;
 My neck and hoary locks I then bedew,
 And in the waters my changing visage view:
 Straight with my charmers the wat'ry mirror glows,
 Those fatal charms that ruin'd your repose!
 Still doubting, up I start, and fear to find
 Some young Adonis gazing o'er behind.

My waist, and all my limbs, I last besmear'd,
 And soon a glossy youth all o'er appear'd.
 Long wrapt in silent wonder, on the strand 155
 I like a statue of Apollo stand :
 Like his, with oval grace my front is spread ;
 Like his, my lips and cheeks are rosy red ;
 Like his, my limbs are shap'd ; in ev'ry part
 So just, they mock the sculptor's mimic art ; 160
 And golden curls adown my shoulders flow ;
 Nor wants there ought except the lyre and bow.
 Restor'd to youth, triumphant I repair
 To court, to captivate th' admiring fair :
 My faultless form the Lesbian nymphs adore, 165
 Avow silent raptures, weep, sigh, protest, implore.
 There feel I fit the penance of my sin,
 All spring without, and winter all within !
 From me the sense of gay desire is fled,
 And all their charms accordial to the dead : 170
 Or if within my breast there chance to rise
 The sweet remembrance of the genial joys,
 Sudden it leaves me, like a transient gleam
 That gilds the surface of a freezing stream. 174
 Mean-time with various pangs my heart is torn
 Hate strives with pity, shame contends with scorn.
 Confus'd with grief, I quit the court, to range
 In savage wilds, and curse my penal change.
 The phoenix so, restor'd with rich perfumes,
 Displays the florid price of all his plumes, 180
 Then flies to live amid th' Arabian grove,
 In barren solitude, alone to love.
 But in the calm recess of woods and plains
 The viper Envy revelled in my veins,
 And ever when the mate caress'd his bride, 185
 Sighing with rage, I turn'd my eyes aside.
 In river, mead, and grove, such objects roſt,
 To avenge the goddess and awake my woes ;
 Fish, beast, and bird, in river, mead, and grove,
 Bless'd and rever'd the blissful powers of Love. 190

What can I do for ease ? O ! whither fly ?
 Resume my fatal form, ye Gods ! I cry :
 Wither this beauteous bloom, so tempting gay,
 And let me live transform'd to weak and grey !
 By change of clime my sorrows to beguile, 195
 I leave for Sicily my native isle :
 Vain hope ! for who can leave himself behind,
 And live a thoughtless exile from the mind ?
 Arriving there, amidst a flow'ry plain
 That join'd the shore, I view'd a wingin' train, 200
 Who in soft ditties sung of Acis' name,
 As if strew'd with annual wreaths his amber stream.
 Not soon they saw, and, fir'd with pious joy,
 " He comes, the godlike Acis comes ! " they cry :
 " Fair pride of Neptune's court ! enlarge our pray'r ;
 " Approach, you've now no Polypheme to fear : 206
 " Accept our rites : to bind thy brow we bring
 " Their earliest honours of the holy Spring :
 " So may thy Galatea still be kind,
 " As we thy smiling pow'r propitious find ! 210
 " But if—(they read their error in my blush,
 " For shame, and rage, and scorn, alternate flush)
 " But if of earthly race, yet kinder prove ;
 " Refuse all other rites but those of Love."
 That hated word new-stabs my frankling wound ;
 Like a struck deer I startle at the sound ; 216
 Thence to the woods with furious speed repair,
 And leave them all abandon'd to despair.
 So, frighted by the swains, to reach the brake
 Glides from a sunny bank the glittering snake ; 220
 And, whilst reviv'd in youth, his davy train
 Floats in large spires, and burns along the plain,
 He darts malignance from his scornful eye,
 And the young flowers with livid kisses die.
 Let my sad fate your soft compassion move, 225
 As mine'd that Phaon would, but cannot love.
 To forsake and diso'act my soul are join'd,
 In fading youth and impotence of mind.

The white and red that flatter on my skin
 Hide hell; the grinning Furies howl within; 230
 Pride, Envy, Rage, and Hate, inhabit there,
 And the black child of Guilt, extream Despair:
 Nor of less terror to the perjur'd prove
 The frowns of Venus than the bolts of Jove.

When Orpheus in the woods began to play, 235
 Sooth'd with his airs the leopards round him lay;
 Their glaring eyes with lessen'd fury burn'd,
 But when the lyre was mute their rage return'd:
 So would thy Muse and lute a while control
 My woes, and tune the discord of my soul,

In sweet suspense each savage thought restrain'd, 240

And then the love I never felt, I feign'd.
 O Sappho! now that Muse and lute employ;

Invoke the golden goddess from the sky:
 From the Leucadian rock ne'er hope redress; 245

In love Apollo boasts no sure success:

Let him preside o'er oracles and arts;

Venus alone hath balm for bleeding hearts.

O! let the warbled hymn* delight her ear;

Can she when Sappho sings, refuse to hear? 250

Thrice let the warbled hymn repeat thy pain,

While flow'rs and burning gums perfume her fane:

And when, descending to the plaintive sound,

She comes confess'd with all her Graces round,

O, plead my cause! in that auspicious hour 255

Propitiate with thy vows the vengeful pow'r:

Nor cease thy suit, till with a smiling air

She cries, "I give thy Phaon to thy pray'r;

"And, from his crime absolv'd, with all his charms

"He long shall live, and die in Sappho's arms."

Then swift, and gentle as her gentlest dove, 260

I'll seek thy breast, and equal all thy love:

* Hymen shall clap his purple wings, and spread

Incessant raptures o'er thy nuptial bed.

And while in pomp at Cytherea's shrine 265

With choral song and dance our vows we join,

* Alluding to her Ode to Venus.

TRANSLATIONS.

123

Her flaming altar with religious fear
I'll touch, and, prostrate on the marble, swear
That zeal and love for ever shall divide
My heart between the goddess and the bride.

170



MARULLUS DE NEÆRA.

INVENTA nuper, nervum cùm tenderet acrem,
 Obsupuit visâ victus Amor dominâ :
 Sensit læta suas vires, oculosque retorfit ;
 Dum rûgiat, ventis ocior ille fugit. 4
 Sed dum torce fugit, plenæ cecidere pharetræ ;
 Deviçti spoliûm quas tulit illa dei,
 Induiturque humerum, pariturque hominesque deosque
 Una ferit victrix, ecce inermis amor. 8



MARULLUS TO NEÆRA.

IMITATED.

ROB'D like Diana, ready for the chase.
 Her mind as spotless, and as fair her face,
 Young Sylva stray'd beneath the dewy dawn,
 To court th' imperial fig o'er Windsor lawn :
 There Cupid view'd her speeding o'er the plain, 5
 The first and fairest of the rural train,
 And, by a small mistake, the pow'r of Love
 Thought her the virgin-goddess of the grove.
 Soon aw'd with innocence, he evades her sight
 He fled, and dropp'd his quiver in the flight : 10
 Tho' pleas'd, she blush'd, and with a glowing smile
 Pursu'd the God, and seiz'd the golden spoil.

The nymph, resistless in her native chains,
 Now reigns, possess'd of Cupid's armed arms,
 And wing'd with lightning from her radiant eyes, 15
 Unerring in its speed each arrow flies.
 No more his deity is held divine,
 No more we kneel at Cytherea's shrine ;
 Their various pow'rs, complete in Sylvia, prove
 Her title to command the realms of Love. 20



JOHANNIS SECUNDI.

BASIIUM I.

CUM Venus Afcanium fuper alta Cythæra tuliffet,
 Sopitum teneris impofuit violis;
 Albarum nimbos circumfuditque rofarum,
 Et totum liquido fparfit odore locum.
 Mox veteres animo revocavit Adonidis igneis,
 Notus et irrepfis ima per offa calor.
 O, quoties voluit circumdare colla nepotis?
 O, quoties dixit, Talis Adonis erat!
 Sed placidam pueri metuens turbare quietem,
 F~~ixi~~ vicinis Bafia mille rofis
 Ecce! calant illæ, cupidaeque per ora Dionæ
 Aura, fufurranti flamine, lenta fubit.
 Quotque rofas tetigit, tot Bafia nata repente
 Gaudia reddebant multiplicata deæ.
 At Cytherea, natans niveis per nubila cygnis,
 Ingentis terræ cœpit obire globum:
 Triptolemiq; modo, fœcundis Oxula glebis
 Sparfit, et ignotos tibi dedit ore tonos.
 Inde feget felix nata eft mortalibus ægris;
 Inde medela meis unica nata malis.
 Salvete æternùm, miferæ moderamina flammæ,
 Humida de gelidis Bafia nata rofis!
 En ego fum, veftri quo vate canentur honores,
 Nota Medufæi dum juga montis erunt:
 Et memor Æneadùm ilirpisque difertus amatae,
 Mollia Romulidùm verba loquetur amor.





FENTON

in which his elixir rapture stands to give
 the each flowering bud that should be there

Under the hidden love

KISSES. TRANSLATED FROM SECUNDUS

BASILIUM I.

WHEN Venus, in the sweet Idalian shade,
 A violet couch for young Ascanius made,
 Their op'ning gems th' obedient roses bow'd,
 And veil'd his beauties with a damask cloud ;
 While the bright goddess, with a gentle show'r 5
 Of nectar'd dews, perfum'd the blissful bow'r.
 Of sight insatiate, she devours his charms
 Till her lost breast rekindling ardour warms ;
 New joys tumultuous in her bosom roll,
 And all Adonis rusheth on her soul : 10
 Transported with each dear resembling grace,
 She cries, " Adonis !—Sure I see thy face !"
 Then stoops to kiss the beauteous form, but fears
 He'd wake too soon, and with a sigh forbears ;
 Yet, fix'd in silent rapture, stands to gaze, 15
 Kissing each flow'ring bud that round her plays :
 Swell'd with her touch, each animated rose
 Expands, and straight with warmer purple glows ;
 Where infant Kisses bloom, a balmy store !
 Redoubling all the bliss she felt before. 20
 Sudden her swans career along the skies,
 And o'er the globe the fair celestial flies ;
 Then, as where Ceres pass'd the teeming plain
 Yellow'd with wavy crops of golden grain,
 So fruitful Kisses fell where Venus flew, 25
 And by the pow'r of genial magic grew,
 A plenteous harvest ! which she deign'd t' impart
 To soothe an agonizing love-sick heart.
 All hail, ye roseate Kisses ! who remove 30
 Our cares, and cool the calentures of love.
 Lo ! I your poet, in melodious lays
 Bless your kind pow'r, enamour'd of your praise ;
 Lays join'd to last till barb'rous Time invades
 The Muses' hill, and withers all their shades.
 Sprung from the guardian* of the Roman name,
 In Roman numbers live, secure of fame. 36

BASIIUM II.

VICINA quantùm vitis lascivit in ulmo,
 Et tortiles pœc ilicem
 Brachia proceram stringunt immensa corymbi;
 Tantum, Nœra si queas
 In mea nexilibus proserpere colla lacertis; 5
 Tali, Nœra, si queam
 Candida perpetuùm nexu tua colla ligare,
 Jungens perenne Basium.
 Tunc me nec cereris, nec amici cura Lyæi,
 Soporis aut amabilis, 10
 Vita! tuo de purpureo divelleret ore:
 Sed mutuis in oculis
 Defectos, ratis una duos portaret amanteis
 Ad pallidam Diris domum.
 Mox per odoratos campos, et perpetuùm ver, 15
 Produceremur in loca,
 Semper ubi, antiquis in amoribus, heroinæ
 Heroas inter nobileis
 Aut ducunt choreas, alternave carmina lætæ
 In valle cantant myrtæa; 20
 Quà violis que rosisque, et flamicovis Narcissis,
 Umbraculis trementibus,
 Illudit lauri nemus, et crepitante susurro
 Tepidi suavè sibilant
 Æternùm zephyri; nec vomere saucia tellus 25
 Fœcunda solvit ubera.
 Turba beatorum nobis assurgeret omnis;
 Inque herbidis sedilibus
 Inter Mæonidas primâ nos sede locarent:
 Nec ulla amatricum Jovis
 Prærepto cédens indignaretur honore,
 Nec nata Tyndaris Jove.

BASILIUM II. TRANSLATED.

AS the young enamour'd vine
 Round her elm delights to twine,
 As the clasping ivy throws
 Round her oak her wanton boughs,
 So close, expanding all thy charms, 5
 Fold me, my Chloris! in thy arms;
 Closer, my Chloris! could it be,
 Would my fond arms incircle thee.

The jovial friend shall tempt in vain
 With humour, wit, and brisk Champagne; 10
 In vain shall Nature call for sleep,
 We'll Love's eternal vigils keep:
 Thus, thus for ever let us lie,
 Dissolving in excess of joy,
 Till Fate shall with a single dart 15
 Transfix the pair it cannot part.

Thus join'd we'll fleet like Venus' doves,
 And seek the blest Elysian groves,
 Where Spring in rosy triumph reigns
 Perpetual o'er the joyous plains; 20
 There lovers of heroic name
 Revive their long-extinguish'd flame,
 And o'er the fragrant vale advance
 In shining pomp to form the dance,
 Or sing of Love and gay Desire, 25
 Responsive to the warbling lyre,
 Reclining soft in blissful bow'rs,
 Purpled sweet with springing flow'rs,
 And cover'd with a silken shade
 Of laurel mix'd with myrtle made, 30
 Where, flaunting in immortal bloom,
 The musk-rose scents the verdant gloom,
 Thence which the whispering zephyrs fly
 Soffer than a virgin's sigh.

When we approach those blest retreats, 35
 Th' assembly straight will leave their seats,
 Admiring much the matchless pair,
 So fond the youth, the nymph so fair:

Daughters and mistresses to Jove,
 By Homer fam'd of old for love, 40
 In homage to the British Grace,
 Will give pre-eminence of place :
 Helen herself will soon agree
 To rise, and yield her rank to thee. 44

THE DREAM.

IMITATED FROM PROPERTIUS, BOOK III.

ELLOY III.

TO green retreats, that shade the Muses' stream,
 My fancy lately bore me in a Dream ;
 Fir'd with ambitious zeal, my harp I sung,
 And Blenheim's field and fam'd Ramillia sung ;
 Fast by that spring where Spenser sat of old, 5
 And great exploits in lofty numbers told.
 Phœbus, in his Castalian grotto laid,
 O'er which a laurel cast her silken shade,
 Spy'd me, and hastily when first he spy'd,
 Thus, leaning on his golden lyre, he cry'd : 10
 " What strange ambition has misplac'd thee there ?
 " Forbear to sing of arms, alas ! forbear ;
 " Form'd in a gentler mould, henceforth employ
 " Thy pen to paint the softer scenes of joy :
 " Thy Works may thus the myrtle garland wear, 15
 " Preferr'd to grace the toilets of the fair :
 " When their lov'd youths at night too long delay,
 " In reading thee they'll pass the hours away ;
 " And when they'd make their melting wishes known,
 " Repeat thy passion to reveal their own,
 " Then haste the safer shallows to regain,
 " Nor dare the stormy dangers of the main."
 Ceasing with this reproof, the friendly god
 A mossy path, but lightly beaten, show'd :
 A cave here was, which Nature's hand alone
 Had arch'd, with greens of various kinds o'ergrown ;
 With animals all the vaulted roofs were grac'd ;
 And earthy gods on either side were plac'd :

Silphus and the Muses' virgin-train
 Stood here, with Pan, the poet of the plain; 12
 Elsewhere the doves of Cytherea's team
 Were seen to sip the sweet Castalian stream.

Nine lovely nymphs a several task pursu'd,
 For ivy one was sent to search the wood;
 This to soft numbers join'd harmonious airs, 35
 And fragrant rosy wreaths a third prepares.

Me thus the bright Calliope address'd;
 (Her name the brightness of her form confess'd)

"The silver swans of Venus wait to bear

"Thee safe in pomp along the liquid air 40

"Pleas'd with thy peaceful province, straight recal

"Thy rash design to sing the wounded Gaul.

"Harsh sounds the trumpet in the Muses' grove,

"But sweet the lute; the lute is fit for love.

"No more rehearse the Danube's purple stream, 45

"Let love for ever be the tender theme,

"And in thy verse reveal the moving art

"To melt an haughty nymph's relentless heart."

The goddess ceasing, to confirm me more,
 My face with hallow'd drops she sprinkled o'er, 50

Fetch'd from the fountain by whose flow'ry side
 Soft Waller sung of Sacharissa's pride. 52



CATULLUS, EPIG. V. TRANSLATED.

LET'S live, my dear, like lovers too,
Nor ~~heed~~ what old men say or do.
The sailing sun will surely rise,
And dart new glories through the skies,
But when we fall, alas! our light 5
Will set in everlasting night.
Come then, let mirth and amorous play
Be all the business of the day.
Give me this kiss—and this—and this!
A hundred thousand more.—Let's kiss 10
Till we ourselves cannot express,
Nor any lurking spy confess,
The boundless measure of our happiness. 13



CLAUDIAN'S OLD MAN OF VERONA.

HAPPY the man who all his days does pass
 In the paternal cottage of his race;
 Where first his trembling infant steps he try'd,
 Which now supports his age, and once his youth em-
 ploy'd.

This was the cottage his forefathers knew, 5
 It saw his birth, shall see his burial too;
 Unequal fortunes and ambition's fate
 Are things experience never taught him yet.
 Him to strange lands no rambling humour bore,
 Nor breath'd he ever any air but of his native shore.
 Free from all anxious interests of trade, 11
 No storms at sea have e'er disturb'd his head:
 He never battle's wild confusion saw,
 Nor heard the worse confusions of the law.
 A stranger to the town and town-employs, 15
 Their dark and crowded streets, their stink and noise;
 He a more calm and brighter sky enjoys.
 Nor does the year by change of consuls know,
 The year his fruits returning seasons show;
 Quarters and months in Nature's face he sees, 20
 In flowers the spring, and autumn on his trees.
 The whole day's shadows, in his homestead drawn,
 Point out the hourly courses of the sun.
 Grown old with him, the grove adorns his field,
 Whose tender flets his infancy beheld. 25
 Of distant India, the Thracian shores,
 Banacus' lake, have na's neighbouring towers,
 (Alike unseen) the common fame has heard,
 Alike he views them, and with like regard.
 Yet, long, his grandchildren admire 30
 The vigour of their brawny fire.
 The globe let those that will survey,
 The old man, content at home to stay,
 Happy years shall know, more leagues and coun-
 tries they.

The god of battle now has ceas'd to roar,
 And I, the queen of heaven, pursue my hate no more.
 I now the Trojan's priestleis' son will give 40
 Back to his warlike fire, and let him live
 In lucid bowers, and give him leave to use
 Ambrosia, and the nectar's heavenly juice;
 To be enroll'd in these serene abodes,
 And wear the easy order of the gods. 45
 In this blest state I grant him to remain,
 While Troy from Rome's divided by the main;
 While savage beasts insult the Trojan tombs,
 And in their cave unlade their pregnant wombs.
 Let th' exil'd Trojans reign in every land, 50
 And let the capitol triumphant stand,
 And all the tributary world command.
 Let awful Rome with seven refulgent heads,
 Still keep her conquest o'er the vanquish'd Medes.
 With conquering terror let her arms extend 55
 Her mighty name to shores without an end;
 Where mid-land seas divide the fruitful soil
 From Europe to the swelling waves of Nile.
 Let them be greater by despising gold,
 Than digging it from forth its native mould. 60
 To be the wicked instrument of ill,
 Let sword and ruin every country fill,
 That strives to stop the progress of her arms;
 Not only those that sultry Sirius warms:
 But where the fields in endless winter lie, 65
 Whose frosts and snows the sun's bright rays defy.
 But yet on this condition I decree
 The warlike Roman's happy destiny;
 That when they universal rule enjoy, they
 They not presume to raise their ancient
 For then all ugly omens shall return,
 And Troy be built but once again to burn
 E'en I myself a second war will move, 70
 E'en I the sister and the wife of Jove.
 If Phœbus' harp should thrice erect a wall,
 And all of brass, yet thrice the work shall fall

Sack'd by my favourite Greeks; and thrice again
The Trojan wives should drag a captive chain,
And mourn their children and their husbands slain.

But whither would'st thou, soaring muse, aspire! 30
To tell the counsels of the heavenly choir?
Alas! thou canst not strain thy weakly strings,
To sing in humble notes such mighty things:
No more the secrets of the gods relate,
'Thy tongue's too feeble for a task so great 35



EPIGRAM, OUT OF MARTIAL.

MILO'S from home ; and, Milo being gone,
His lands bore nothing, but his wife a son :
Why she so fruitful, and so bare the field ?
The lands lay fallow, but the wife was till'd.

4



HORACE, BOOK I. ODE IX. IMITATED.

FROM THE

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE VERSES.

Dedicated to Lionel Earl of Dorset and Middlesex.

SINCE the hills all around us do penance in snow,
And winter's cold blasts have benumb'd us
below;

Since the rivers, chain'd up, flow with the same speed
As criminals move towards the psalm they can't
read;

'Throw whole oaks at a time, nay, whole groves on
the fire,

To keep out the cold and new vigour inspire;
Ne'er waste the dull time in impertinent thinking,
But urge and pursue this grand business of drinking.
Come, pierce your old hogheads, ne'er stint us in
sherry,

For this is the season to drink and be merry;
That, reviv'd by good liquor and billets together,
We may brave the loud storms, and defy the cold
weather.

We'll have no more of business; but, friend, as you
love us,

Leave it all to the care of the good folks above us.
Whilst your appetite's strong, and good-humour re-
vives,

And active brisk blood does enliven your viens,
Improve the sweet minutes in scenes of delight,
Let your friend have the day, and your mistress the
night.

In the dark you may try whether Phyllis is kind,
The night for intriguing was ever design'd;
Though she runs from your arms, and retires to a
shade,

Some friendly kind sign will betray the coy maid.

All trembling you'll find then the poor bashful sinner,
Such a trespass is venial in any beginner :
But, remember this counsel, when once you have
 met her,
Get a ring from the fair-one, or something that's
 better.



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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
WILLIAM COLLINS.

CONTAINING HIS

MISCELLANIES, | ODES DE CRIPITIVE AND
ORIENTAL EPIQUES, | ALLEGORICAL,

&c. &c. &c.

Come, Pity ! come, by Fancy's aid
 Ev'n now my thoughts, relenting, Maid !
 Thy temple's pride design---
 The Picture's toils shall mendicate
 No Chance or hard involving Fate
 Or mortal buff prevail
 The buskin'd Muse shall near her stand,
 And, sighing, prompt her tender hand
 With each disastrous tale
 There let me oft, retir'd by day,
 In dream of passion melt away,
 Allow'd with thee to dwell;
 There write the mournful lisp of night,
 Till, Virgin ! thou agitated
 To hear a British shell.

ODE TO PITY.

London :
 PRINTED AND EMBOSS'D
 Under the Direction of
 C. COOKE,

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
WILLIAM COLLINS.

CONTAINING HIS

MISCELLANIES, | ODES DESCRIPTIVE AND
ORIENTAL ECGLOGUES, | ALLEGORICAL,

&c. &c. &c.

Come, Pity! come; by Fancy's aid
Ev'n now my thoughts, relenting Maid!
Thy timor's pride design-----
Thou, Picture's toils shall well relate
How Chance or hard involving Fate
Of mortal bliss prevail:
The huskin'd Muse shall near her stand,
And, sighing, prompt her tender hand
With each disastrous tale
There let me oft, retir'd by day,
In dream of passion melt away,
Allow'd with thee to dwell;
There waste the mournful hour of night,
Till, Virgin! thou agone dost sit
To hear a British shell. ODE TO PITY.

London: 1793
PRINTED AND EMBELLISHED
Under the Direction of
C. COOKE.

LIFE OF COLLINS.

AS the greater part of men of genius, who have borne no public character, have passed their lives in obscurity, it seldom happens that any memoirs can be collected respecting them of sufficient importance to claim the notice of the biographer. We therefore find few other accounts of the author of the following poems, than such as occur in the life of every man; yet these memoirs, simple as they are, respecting the man, will not be unacceptable to those who admire the poet; for if we derive intellectual pleasure from his productions, a kind of instinctive curiosity will be excited to become acquainted with the source from which it springs.

William Collins was born at Chichester, about the year 1721. His father, who was a respectable tradesman in that city, intending him for the service of the church, with this view he was admitted scholar of Winchester College, under the tuition of the learned Dr. Burton. At the age of nineteen, he had acquired a sufficient degree of merit to entitle him to a distinguished rank in the list of those scholars who are elected upon the foundation of Winchester to New College, Oxford; but as there was then no vacancy in that society, he was admitted a commoner of Queen's, where he continued till July 1741, when he was elected a Demy of Magdalen College, in which he resided during his stay at the University.

It is observed, that while a student, he evinced much genius and great indolence in his literary productions, as his exercises, in the opinion of the most impartial judges, bore evident characteristics of both. This remissness might probably arise in some measure from disappointment in the outset of life. He had no doubt entertained very high ideas of the academical mode of education; yet when he entered upon the more abstruse studies, his ardour in the pursuit seems to have been abated by the perplexities he had to encounter, and his genius was too volatile to pore over the intricate and puzzling problems of Euclid.

While he was at Magdalen College, he became a votary to the Muses, and wrote the epistle to Sir Thomas Hanmer, and the Oriental Eclogues, which, in the year 1742, were first published, under the title of "Persian Eclogues." Having made these advances in his poetical career, he took the degree of Bachelor of Arts, in 1744, left the university, and came to London, a literary adventurer, with many projects in his head, and very little money in his pocket.

To a man of a liberal mind, without fortune, without patronage, the metropolis is a very dangerous place, and our author had not long been in it, before the truth of this observation was fully verified. His pecuniary resources were soon exhausted; and though he wanted not the power of restoring them by the exertions of genius and learning, he had neither steadiness nor industry. His accidents indeed sometimes earned him as far as a plan or a title page. He designed many works, but his want of resolution, or the frequent calls of immediate necessity, broke his scheme, and subverted him to pursue no settled purpose. "A man," as Dr. Johnson observes, "doubtful of his dinner, or trembling at a creditor, is not much disposed to abstracted meditation, or remote inquiries." He published proposals for a history of the Revival of Learning, and made some observations to his friends on the subjects he intended to introduce; but it does not appear that a page of the history was ever written. He planned several tragedies, but he only planned them; in short, he became indeed an historian, a critic, and a dramatic poet, by turns, but it was only in idea, for whether it was the effect of dissipation, or the prevalence of indolence; he never carried one of these plans into execution.

This want of resolution of course subjected him to the greatest distresses. He depended day by day for subsistence on the long repeated contributions of a friend, or the generosity of a casual acquaintance. In fact, neither want, shame, the anxiety of poverty, nor the servility of dependence could animate resolution to perseverance. At length, in 1746, he had spirit enough to exert himself to take to publish his Odes Descriptive and Allegorical; but as the sale was by no means equal to his expectations, he conceived an indignation for a tasteless age, and burnt the remaining copies with his own hands.

About this time he became acquainted with Dr. Johnson, who speaks of him in very respectable terms. He says, "his appearance was decent and manly; his knowledge considerable; his views extensive; his conversation elegant, and his disposition cheerful." By degrees the doctor gained his confidence, and one day was admitted to him when he was immured by a bailiff with it was prowling in the street. On this occasion recourse was had to the bookseller, who, on the credit of a translation of Aristotle's Poetics, which he engaged to write, with a Latin commentary, advanced as much money as enabled him to escape into the country. Dr. Johnson says, that Collins shewed him the guinea safe in his hand.

Under these circumstances, so mortifying to every just expectation, when neither his wants were relieved, nor his reputation extended, he found some consolation in visiting his

uncle, Colonel Martin, who was at that time with his regiment in Flanders. Soon after the Colonel died and left Collins about two thousand pounds, a sum which the poet could scarcely think exhaustible, and which he did not live to exhaust. The guineas he had borrowed of the bookseller were then repaid, and the translation, from his natural indolence, of course neglected.

Dr. Johnson, with his usual energy, observes, "that as man is not born for happiness, so Collins, who while he *studied to live*, felt no evil but poverty, no sooner *lived to study*, than his life was assailed by the more dreadful calamities of disease and idleness;" and we cannot more effectually do justice to the character of our author, than by transcribing it from the pen of that nervous and elegant writer.

"Mr. Collins," says the Doctor, "was a man of extensive literature and of vigorous faculties. He was acquainted not only with the classic writers, both Latin and Greek, but the Italian, French, and Spanish languages. He had employed his mind chiefly upon works of fiction and subjects of fancy, and by indulging some peculiar habits of thought, was eminently delighted with those flights of imagination which peopled the bowmans of Nature, and to which the mind is reconcile only by a passive acquiescence in popular traditions. He loved fairies, genii, gnomes, and monsters; he delighted to rove through the meanders of enchantment, to gaze on the magnificence of golden palaces, to rejoice by the water-falls of Elvish gardens.

"This was however the character rather of his inclination than his genius; the grandeur of wildness, and the novelty of extravagance, were always desired by him, but were not always attained. Yet as diligence is never wholly lost, if his efforts sometimes caused harshness and obscurity, they likewise produced in happier moments sublimity and splendour. This idea which he had formed of excellence, led him to oriental fictions and allegorical imagery, and perhaps while he was intent upon description, he did not sufficiently cultivate sentiment. His poems are the production of a mind not deficient in force, nor unfurnished with knowledge either of books or of life, but somewhat obstructed in its progress by deviation in quest of mistaken beauties.

"His morals were pure, and his opinions pious; in a long continuance in poverty, and long habits of dissipation it cannot be expected that any character should be exactly uniform.— There is a degree of want by which the freedom of agency is almost destroyed; and long association with fortuitous companions, will at last relax the strictness of truth and abate the fervor of sincerity. That this man, wise and virtuous as he was, passed always unentangled through the snare of life, it

would be prejudice and temerity to affirm; but it may be said, that at least he preserved the source of action unpolluted, that his principles were never shaken, that his distinctions of right and wrong were never confounded, and that his faults had nothing of malignity or design, but proceeded from unexpected pressure or casual temptation.

“The latter part of his life cannot be remembered but with pity and sadness. He languished some years under that depression of mind which unchains the faculties without destroying them, and leaves reason the knowledge of right without the power of pursuing it. These clouds which he perceived gathering on his intellects, he endeavoured to dissipate by travel, and passed into France, but found himself constrained to yield to his malady, and returned. He was for some time confined in a house of lunatics, and afterwards returned to the care of his sister in Chichester, where death, in 1756, came to his relief.

“After his return from France, the writer of this character paid him a visit at Islington, where he was waiting for his sister whom he had directed to meet him: there was then nothing of disorder discernible in his mind by any but himself, but he had withdrawn from study, and travelled with no other book than an English Testament, such as children carry to school: when his friend took it into his hand, out of curiosity to see what companion a man of letters had chosen, ‘I have but one book,’ says Collins, ‘but that is the best.’

“Such was the fate of Collins, with whom I once delighted to converse, and whom I yet remember with tenderness.

“He was visited at Chichester, in his last illness by his learned friends Dr. Warton and his brother, to whom he spoke with disapprobation of his *Oriental Eclogues*, as not sufficiently expressive of Asiatic manners, and called them his *Irish Eclogues*. He shewed them at the same time an ode inscribed to Mr. John Hume, which they thought superior to his other works, but which no search has yet found.

“His disorder was not alienation of mind, but general laxity and feebleness, a deficiency rather of his vital than intellectual powers: what he spoke wanted neither judgment nor spirit, but a few minutes exhausted him, so that he was forced to rest upon the couch till a short cessation restored his powers, and he was again able to talk with his former vigour.

“The approaches of this dreadful malady he began to feel soon after his uncle’s death, and with the usual weakness of men so diseased, eagerly snatched that temporary relief with which the table and the bottle flatter and seduce. But his health continually declined, and he grew more and more burthened to himself.

"To what I have formerly said of his writings may be added, that his diction was often harsh, unskilfully laboured, and judiciously selected. He affected the obsolete when it was not worthy of revival; he puts his words out of the common order, seeming to think with some later candidates for fame, that not to write prose is certainly to write poetry. His lines commonly are of slow motion, clogged and impeded with clusters of consonants. As men are often esteemed who cannot be loved, so the poetry of Collins may sometimes extort praise when it gives little pleasure."

Notwithstanding the rigour with which this great critic comments on the productions even of his acknowledged friends, the poems of Collins are held in high estimation, as appears from the pains bestowed by a writer of evident ability on his *Oriental Eclogues*, and the selection of his *Ode on the Passions*, which, as peculiarly adapted to display the powers of speech, and to elicit all the pathos and animation of the most accomplished orators, has been the subject of recital in all the readings that have lately been to his rally patronized in the metropolises and the most populous places in the kingdom.

A monument of the most exquisite workmanship has been erected by public subscription to Collins. He is finely represented as just recovered from a wild fit of phrensy to which he was unhappily subject, and in a calm and reclining posture, seeking refuge from his misfortune in the consolations of the Gospel, while his lyre and one of the first of his poems lie neglected on the ground. Above are two beautiful figures of Love and Pity entwined in each others arms. The whole was executed by the ingenious Flaxman, at that time lately returned from Rome, and if any thing can equal the expressive sweetness of the sculpture, it is the following most excellent epitaph, written by Mr. Hayley.

Ye who the merits of the dead revere,
Who hold misfortune's sacred genius dear,
Regard this tomb, where Collins' hapless name,
Solicits kindness with a double claim.
'Tho' Nature gave him, and tho' Science taught
The fire of Fancy, and the reach of thought,
Severely doom'd to enury's extreme,
He pass'd in madd'ning pain life's fev'rish dream,
While rays of genius only serv'd to shew
The thick'ning horror, and exalt his woe.
Ye walls that echo'd to his frantic moan,
Guard the due records of this grateful stone;

Strangers to him, enamour'd of his lays,
This fond memorial to his talents raise.
For this the ashes of a bard require,
Who touch'd the tend'rest notes of Pity's lyre ;
Who join'd pure faith to strong poetic powers,
Who, in reviving Reason's lucid hours,
Sought on one book his troubled mind to rest,
And rightly deem'd the book of God the best.



MISCELLANIES.

TO MISS AURELIA C——R,

ON HER WEEPING AT HER SISTER'S WEDDING.*

CEASE, fair Aurelia! cease to mourn;
Lament not Hannah's happy state: .
You may be happy in your turn,
And seize the treasure you regret.

4

With Love united Hymen stands,
And softly whispers to your charms,
“ Meet but your lover in my bands,
“ You'll find your sister in his arms.”

8

• AN EPISTLE

ADDRESSED TO SIR THOMAS HANMER,

On his Edition of Shakspeare's Works†.

WHILE born to bring the Muses happier days,
A patriot's hand protects a poet's lays;
While, nurs'd by you, she sees her myrtles bloom
Green and unwither'd o'er his honour'd tomb;
Excuse her doubts if yet she fears to tell
What secret transports in her bosom swell:
With conscious awe she hears the critic's fame,
And blushing hides her wreath at Shakspeare's name.
Hard was the lot those injur'd strains endur'd,
Unown'd by Science, and by years obscur'd;
Fair Fancy wept; and echoing sighs confess
A fix'd despair in every tuneful breast.
Not with more grief th' afflicted swains appear
When wint'ry winds deform the plenteous year;
When ling'ring frosts the ruin'd seats invade
Where Peace resorteth and the Graces play'd.

5

10

15

* This was Mr. Collins' first production.

† This poem was written by our author at the university about the time when Sir Thomas Hanmer's pompous edition of Shakspeare was printed at Oxford. If it has not so much merit as the rest of his poems, it has still more than the subject deserves. The versification is easy and elegant, and the allusions always poetical. The character of the poet Fletcher, in particular, is very justly drawn in this Epistle.

Each rising art by just gradation moves;
 Toil builds on toil, and age on age improves :
 The Muse alone unequal dealt her rage,
 And grac'd with noblest pomp her earliest stage:
 Preserv'd through time the speaking scenes impart
 Each changeful wish of Phædra's tortur'd heart;
 Or paint the curse that mark'd the Theban's reign*,
 A bed incestuous, and a father slain:
 With kind concern our pitying eyes o'erflow,
 Trace the sad tale, and own another's woe.

To Rome remov'd, with wit secure to please,
 The Comic Sitters kept their native ease.
 With jealous tear declining Greece beheld
 Her own Menander's art almost excell'd; 30
 But every Muse essay'd to raise in vain
 Some labour'd rival of her tragic strain:
 Ilyssus' laurels tho' transferr'd with toil,
 Droop'd their fair leaves, nor knew th' unfriendly soil.

As Arts expir'd resistless Dulness rose; 35
 Goths, Priests, or Vandals—all were Learning's foes,
 'Till Julius* first recall'd each exil'd maid,
 And Cosmo own'd them in th' Etrurian shade:
 Then deeply skill'd in Love's engaging theme,
 The soft Provincial pass'd to Arno's stream: 40
 With graceful ease the wanton lyre he strung,
 Sweet flow'd the lays—but love was all he sung:
 The gay description could not fail to move,
 For, led by Nature, all are friends to love.

But heav'n, still various in its works, decreed 45
 The perfect boast of time should last succeed.
 The beauteous union must appear at length[†]
 Of Tuscan fancy and Athenian strength;
 One greater Muse Eliza's reign adorn,
 And e'en a Shakespear to her name be born! 50

Yet, ah! so bright her morning's opening ray,
 In vain our Britain hop'd an equal day!
 No second growth the Western Isle could bear,
 At once exhausted with too rich a year.

* The Oedipus of Sophocles.

† Julius II. the immediate predecessor of Leo X.

'Too nicely Jonson knew the critic's part ; 55
Nature in him was almost lost in art.

Of softer mould the gentle Fletcher came,
And next in order, as the next in name :
With pleas'd attention 'midst his scenes we find
Each glowing thought that warms the female mind ;
Each melting sigh and every tender tear, 61
The lover's wishes, and the virgin's fear.

His every strain the Smiles and Graces own*,
But stronger Shakespeare felt for man alone :
Drawn by his pen, our ruder passions stand 65
Th' univall'd picture of his early hand.

With gradual steps and slow, exacter France†
Saw Art's fair empire o'er her shores advance ;
By length of toil a bright perfection knew,
Correctly bold, and just in all she drew ; 70
Till late Corneille, with Lucan's‡ spirit fir'd,
Breath'd the life strain, as Rome and he inspir'd ;
And classic judgment gain'd to sweet Racine
The temperate strength of Mairo's chaster line.

But wilder far the British laurel spread, 75
And wreaths less artful crown our poet's head ;
Yet he alone to every scene could give
Th' historian's truth, and bid the manners live.
Wak'd at his call, I view, with glad surprise,
Majestic forms of mighty monarchs rise. 80
There Henry's trumpets spread their loud alarms,
And laurel'd Conquest waits her hero's arms !
Here gentler Edward claims a pitying sigh,
Scarce born to honours, and so soon to die !
Yet shall thy throne, unhappy Infant ! bring 85
No beam of comfort to the guilty king :

* Their characters are thus distinguished by Mr. Dryden.

† About the time of Shakespeare the poet Hardy was in great repute in France. He wrote, according to Fontenelle, six hundred plays. The French poets after him applied themselves in general to the correct improvement of the stage, which was almost totally disregarded by those of our own country, Jonson excepted.

‡ The favourite author of the elder Corneille.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear,
 To vex with shrieks this quiet grove,
 But shepherd-lads assemble here,
 And melting virgins own their love. 3

No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
 No goblins lead their nightly crew ;
 The female fays shall haunt the green,
 And dress thy grave with pearly dew. 12

The red-breast oft' at evening hours
 Shall kindly lend his little aid,
 With hoary moss and gather'd flow'rs
 To deck the ground where thou art laid. 16

When howling winds and beating rain
 In tempests shake the sylvan cell,
 Or 'midst the chase, on every plain
 The tender thought on thee shall dwell : 20

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
 For thee the tear be duly shed ;
 Belov'd till life can charm no more,
 And mourn'd till Pity's self be dead. 24

VERSES

Written on a Paper which contained a piece of Bride-cake.

YE curious hands that, hid from vulgar eyes,
 By search profane shall find this hallow'd cake,
 With virtue's awe forbear the sacred prize,
 Nor dare a theft for love and pity's sake ! 4

This precious relic, form'd by magic pow'r,
 Beneath the shepherd's haunted pillow laid,
 Was meant by Love to charm the silent hour,
 The secret present of a matchless maid. 8

To read such lines as the following, all beautiful and tender as they are, without corresponding emotions of pity, is surely impossible :

The tender thought on thee shall dwell ;

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,

For thee the tear be duly shed ;

Belov'd till life can charm no more,

And mourn'd till Pity's self be dead.

The Cyprian queen at Hymen's fond request
 Each nice ingredient chose with happiest art ;
 Fears, sighs, and wishes of th' enamour'd breast,
 And pains that please, are mix'd in every part. 12

With rosy hand the spicy fruit she brought
 From Paphian hills and fair Cythera's isle,
 And temper'd sweet with these the melting thought,
 The kiss ambrosial, and the yielding smile. 16

Ambiguous looks, that scorn and yet relent,
 Denials mild, and firm unalter'd truth,
 Reluctant pride, and am'rous faint consent,
 And meeting ardours, and exulting youth. 20

Sleep, wayward God ! hath sworn while these remain
 With flatt'ring dreams to dry his nightly tear,
 And cheerful Hope, so oft invoc'd in vain,
 With Fairy songs shall sooth his pensive ear. 24

If, bound by vows to Friendship's gentle side,
 And, fond of soul, thou hop'st an equal grace ;
 If youth or maid thy joys and griefs divide,
 O, much intreated, leave this fatal place ! 28

Sweet Peace, who long hath shun'd my plaintive day,
 Consents at length to bring me short delight ;
 Thy careless steps may scare her doves away,
 And Grief with raven note usurp the night. 32



ORIENTAL ECLOGUES.

ECLOGUE I.

SFLIM;

OR THE SHEPHERD'S MORAL.

Scene, a Valley near Bagdad. Time, the Morning.

YE Persian maids, attend your poet's lays,
And hear how shepherds pass their golden days.
Not all are blest whom Fortune's hand sustains
With wealth in courts, nor all that haunt the plains:
Well may your heart believe the truths I tell! 5
'Tis virtue makes the bliss, where'er we dwell.

Thus Selim sung, by sacred truth inspir'd;
Nor praise, but such as truth bestow'd, desir'd;
Wife in himself, his meaning songs convey'd
Informing morals to the shepherd maid; 10
Or taught the swains that surest bliss to find,
What groves nor streams bestow, a virtuous mind.

When sweet and blushing, like a virgin bride,
The radiant morn return'd her orient pride,
When wanton gales along the vallies play, 15
Breathe on each flower, and bear their sweets away:
By Tigris' wandering waves he sat, and sung
This useful lesson for the fair and young.

Ye Persian dames, he said, to you belong,
Well may they please, the morals of my song: 20
No fairer maids, I trust, than you are found,
Grac'd with soft arts, the peopled world around;
The morn that lights you, to your loves supplies
Each gentler ray delicious to your eyes:

For you those flowers her fragrant hands bestow, 25
And yours the love that kings delight to know.

Yet think not these, all beauteous as they are,
The best kind blessings heaven can grant the fair!

Who trust alone in beauty's feeble ray,
Boast but the worth Bassora's pearls display; 30
Drawn from the deep we own their surface bright;
But dark within, they drink no lustrous light:

Such are the maids and such the charms they boast,
 By sense unaided, or to virtue lost.
 Self-flattering sex! your hearts believe in vain 35
 That love shall blind, when once he fires the swain;
 Or hope a lover by your faults to win,
 As spots on ermin beautify the skin:
 Who seeks secure to rule, he first her care
 Each to her virtue that adorns the fair; 40
 Each tender passion man delights to find,
 The lov'd perfections of a female mind!

Blest were the days, when Wisdom held her reign,
 And shepherds sought her on the silent plain;
 With Truth she wedded in the secret grove, 45
 Immortal Truth, and daughters blest'd their love.

O haste, fair maids! ye Virtues come away,
 Sweet Peace and Plenty lead you on your way!
 The balmy shrub for you shall love our shore,
 By Ind excell'd, or Araby, no more. 50

Lost to our fields, for so the Fates ordain,
 The dear deserters shall return again.
 Come thou, whose thoughts as limpid springs are clear,
 To lead the train, sweet Modesty appear:

Here make thy court amidst our rural scene, 55
 And shepherd-girl shall own thee for their queen.

With thee be Chastity, of all afraid,
 Distrusting all, a wise suspicious maid;
 But man the most—not more the mountain doe
 Holds the swift fauleon for her deadly foe. 60

Cold is her breast, like flowers that drink the dew,
 A silken veil conceals her from the view.

No wild desires amidst thy train be known,
 By Faith, whose heart is fix'd on one alone:

Desponding Meekness with her downcast eyes, 65
 And friendly Pity, full of tender sighs;

And Love the last: by these your hearts approve,
 These are the virtues that must lead to love.

Thus sung the swain; and ancient legends say,
 The maids of Bagdat verified the lay: 70

And to the plains, the Virtues came along,
 The shepherds lov'd, and Selim blest'd his song, 72

ECLOGUE II.

HASSAN;

OR, THE CAMEL-DRIVER.

Scene, The desert. Time, Mid-day.

IN silent horror, o'er the boundless waste,
 The driver Hassan with his camels past;
 One cask of water on his back he bore,
 And his light scrip contain'd a scanty store;
 A fan of painted feathers in his hand, 5
 To guard his shaded face from scorching sand.
 The sultry sun had gain'd the middle sky,
 And not a tree and not an herb was nigh;
 The beasts with pain their dusty way pursue,
 Shrill roar'd the winds, and dreary was the view! 10
 With desperate sorrow wild, th' affrighted man
 Thrice sigh'd, thrice struck his breast, and thus began;
 "Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
 "When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!"
 Ah! little thought I of the blasting wind, 15
 The thirst or pinching hunger that I find!
 Bethink thee, Hassan! where shall thirst assuage,
 When fails this cask, his unrelenting rage?
 Soon shall this scrip its precious load resign,
 Then what but tears and hunger shall be thine? 20
 Ye mute companions of my toils, that bear 25
 In all my griefs a more than equal share!
 Here, where no springs in murmurs break away,
 Or moss-crown'd fountains mitigate the day,
 In vain ye hope the green delight to know
 Which plains more blest'd or verdant vales bestow;
 Here rocks alone and tasteless sands are found,
 And faint and sickly winds for ever howl around.
 "Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
 "When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way" 30
 Ours'd be the gold and silver which persuade
 Men to follow far fatiguing trade!
 My peace outshines the silver-store,
 My peace dearer than the golden ore;

Yet money tempts us o'er the desert brown 35
 To eadry distant mart and wealthy town :
 Full oft we tempt the land, and oft the sea ;
 And are we only yet repaid by thee ?
 Ah ! why was ruin so attractive made,
 Or why fond man so easily betray'd ? 40
 Why heed we not, while mad we haste along,
 The gentle voice of Peace, or Pleasure's song ?
 Or when fore think the flow'ry mountain's side,
 The fountain's murmurs, and the valley's pride ;
 Why think we these less pleasing to behold 45
 Than dreary deserts, if they lead to gold ?
 " Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
 " When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way !"
 O cease, my fears !—All frantic as I go,
 When thought creates unnumber'd scenes of woe,
 What if the lion in his rage I meet !— 51
 Oft in the dust I view his printed feet ;
 And fearful oft, when Day's declining light
 Yields her pale empire to the mourner Night,
 By hunger rous'd he scours the groaning plain, 55
 Gaunt wolves and sullen tigers in his train ;
 Before them Death with shrieks directs their way,
 Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey.
 " Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
 " When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way !"
 At that dead hour the silent asp shall creep, 61
 If aught of rest I find, upon my sleep ;
 Or some swollen serpent twist his scales around,
 And wake to anguish with a burning wound.
 Thrice happy they, the wise contented poor, 65
 From lust of wealth and dread of death secure !
 They tempt no deserts, and no griefs they find ;
 Peace rules the day where reason rules the mind.
 " Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
 " When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way !" 70
 O hapless Youth ! for she thy love hath won,
 The tender Zaira ! will be most undone.
 Big swell'd my heart, and own'd the powerful maid,
 As fast she dropp'd her tears, as thus she said :

ORIENTAL ECLOGUES.

" Farewel the youth whom sighs could not detain, 75
 " Whom Zara's breaking heart implor'd in vain!
 " Yet as thou go'st, may every blast arise
 " Weak and unfelt as these rejected sighs ;
 " Safe o'er the wild no perils may'st thou see,
 " No griefs endure, nor weep, false Youth ! like me.
 " O ! let me safely to the fair return, 81
 " Say with a kiss, she must not, shall not mourn ;
 " O ! let me teach my heart to lose its fears,
 " Recall'd by Wisdom's voice and Zara's tears."
 He said, and call'd on Heav'n to bless the day
 When back to Schiraz' walls he bent his way. 86

ECLOGUE III.

ABRA ;

OR, THE GEORGIAN SULTANA..

Scene, A Forest. Time, The Evening.

IN Georgia's land, where Tefflis' towers are seen
 In distant view along the level green,
 While ev'ning dews enrich the glitt'ring glade,
 And the tall forests cast a longer shade,
 What time 'tis sweet o'er fields of rice to stray, 5
 Or scent the breathing maize at setting day,
 Amidst the maids of Zagen's peaceful grove
 Emyra sung the pleasing cares of love.
 Of Abra first began the tender strain,
 Who led her youth with flocks upon the plain : 10
 At morn she came those willing flocks to lead
 Where lilies rear them in th' watry mead ;
 From early dawn the live-long hours she told,
 Till late at silent eve she penn'd the fold.
 Deep in the grove, beneath the secret shade, 15
 A various wreath of od'rous flowers she made ;
 Gay-motley'd pinks and sweet jonquils she chose,
 The violet blue, that on the moss-bank grows ;
 All-sweet to sense the flaunting rose was there ;
 The finish'd chaplet well adorn'd her hair. 20

That these flowers are found in very great abundance in some of the provinces of Persia, see the Modern History of Mr. Salmon.

Great Abbas chanc'd that fatal morn to stray,
 By love conducted from the chace away;
 Among the vocal vales he heard her song,
 And sought the vales and echoing groves among:
 At length he found and woo'd the rural maid;
 She knew the monarch, and with fear obey'd.
 "Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
 "And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!"

25

The royal lover bore her from the plain,
 Yet still her crook and bleating flock remain:
 Oft as she went she backward turn'd her view,
 And bade that crook and bleating flock adieu.
 Fair happy Maid! to other scenes remove,
 To richer scenes of golden pow'r and love!
 Go leave the simple pipe and shepherd's strain;
 With love delight thee, and with Abbas reign.
 "Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
 "And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!"

30

35

Yet midst the blaze of courts she fix'd her love
 On the cool fountain, or the shady grove;
 Still with the shepherd's innocence her mind
 To the sweet vale, and flow'ry mead inclin'd;
 And oft as spring renew'd the plains with flow'rs,
 Breath'd his soft gales, and led the fragrant hours,
 With sure return she sought the sylvan scene,
 The breezy mountains, and the forests green.
 Her maids around her mov'd, a duteous band!
 Each bore a crook all rural in her hand:
 Some simple lay of flocks and herds they sung;
 With joy the mountain and the forest rung.
 "Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
 "And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!"

40

45

50

And oft the royal lover left the care.
 And thorns of state, attendant on the fair;
 Oft to the shades and low-roof'd cots retir'd,
 Or sought the vale where first his heart was fir'd.
 A russet mantle, like a swain, he wore,
 And thought of crowns, and busy courts no more.
 "Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
 "And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!"

55

60

Blest was the life that royal Abbas led ;
 Sweet was his love, and innocent his bed.
 What if in wealth the noble maid excel ?
 The simple shepherd-girl can love as well.
 Let those who rule on Persia's jewell'd throne 65
 Be fam'd for love, and gentlest love alone ;
 O wreath, like Abbas, full of fair renown,
 The lover's myrtle with the warrior's crown.
 O happy days ! the maids around her lay ;
 O haste, profuse of blessings, haste away ! 70
 " Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
 " And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd !"

ECLOGUE IV.

AGIB AND SECANDER ;

OR, THE FUGITIVES.

Scene, A Mountain in Circassia. Time, Midnight.

IN fair Circassia, where, to love inclin'd,
 Each swain was blest, for every maid was kind ;
 At that still hour when awful midnight reigns,
 And none but wretches haunt the twilight plains ;
 What time the moon had hung her lamp on high, 5
 And past in radiance thro' the cloudless sky,
 Sad o'er the dews two brother shepherds fled,
 Where wild'ring Fear and desp'rate Sorrow led :
 Fast as they prest their flight behind them lay
 Wild ravag'd plains, and valleys stole away. 10
 Along the mountain's bending sides they ran,
 Till, faint and weak, Secander thus began :
Secan. O stay thee, Agib ! for my feet deny,
 No longer friendly to my life, to fly.
 Friend of my heart ! O turn thee and survey, 15
 Trace our sad flight through all its length of way !
 And first review that long-extended plain,
 And yon wide groves, already past with pain ;
 Yon ragged cliff, whose dang'rous path we try'd,
 And last this lofty mountain's weary side.
Agib. Weak as thou art, yet, hapless ! must thou know
 The toils of flight, or some severer woe.

Still as I haste the Tartar shouts behind,
 And shrieks and sorrows load the sadd'ning wind :
 In rage of heart, with ruin in his hand, 25
 He blasts our harvests and deforms our land.
 Yon citron grove, whence first in fear we came,
 Droops its fair honours to the conquering flame :
 Far fly the swains, like us, in deep despair,
 And leave to Russian bands their fleecy care. 30

Secan. Unhappy land ! whose blessings tempt the sword ;
 In vain, unheard, thou call'st thy Persian Lord !
 In vain thou court'st him, helpless, to thine aid,
 To shield the shepherd and protect the maid !
 Far off, in thoughtless indolence resign'd, 35
 Soft dreams of love and pleasure looth his mind ;
 'Midst fair sultanas lost in idle joy,
 No wars alarm him, and no fears annoy.

Agib. Yet these green hills in summer's sultry heat
 Have lent the monarch oft a cool retreat. 40
 Sweet to the sight is Zabran's flow'ry plain,
 And once by maids and shepherds lov'd in vain !
 No more the virgins shall delight to rove
 By Sargis' banks or Irvan's shady grove ;
 On Tarkie's mountain catch the cooling gale, 45
 Or breathe the sweets of Aly's flow'ry vale :
 Fair scenes ! but, ah ! no more with peace possess'd,
 With ease alluring, and with plenty blest'd :
 No more the shepherds' whitening tents appear,
 Nor the kind products of a bounteous year ; 50
 No more the date, with snowy blossoms crown'd,
 But ruin spreads her baleful fires around.

Secan. In vain Circassia boasts her sunny groves,
 For ever fam'd for pure and happy loves ;
 In vain she boasts her fairest of the fair, 55
 Their eyes' blue languish, and their golden hair :
 Those eyes in tears their fruitless grief must send ;
 Those hairs the Tartar's cruel hands shall rend. [far

Agib. Ye Georgian Swains ! that piteous learn from
 Circassia's ruin and the waste of war, 60
 Some weightier arms than crooks and staves prepare
 To shield your harvests and defend your fair :

The Turk and Tartar like designs pursue,
 Fix'd to destroy, and stedfast to undo.
 Wild as his land, in native deserts bred, 65
 By lust incited, or by malice led,
 The villain Arab! as he prowls for prey,
 Oft marks with blood and wasting flames the way;
 Yet none so cruel as the Tartar foe,
 To death inur'd, and nurs'd in scenes of woe. 70
 He said; when loud along the vale was heard
 A shriller shriek, and nearer fires appear'd;
 Th' affrighted shepherds 'hro' the dews of night
 Wide o'er the moon-light hills renew'd their flight. 74

ODES

DESCRIPTIVE AND ALLEGORICAL.

ODE I. TO PITY.

O THOU! the friend of man, assign'd
 With balmy hands his wounds to bind,
 And charm his frantic woe,
 When first Distress, with dagger keen,
 Broke forth to waste his destin'd scene,
 His wild unfated foe! 16

By Pella's bard, a magic name!
 By all the griefs his thought could frame,
 Receive my humble rite!
 Long, Pity! let the nations view
 Thy sky-worn robes of tend'rest blue,
 And eyes of dewy light. 13

But wherefore need I wander wide
 To old Ilissus' distant side?
 Deserted stream and mute!
 Old Arun* too has heard thy strains,
 Echo 'midst my native plains
 Sooth'd by Pity's lute:

* A river in Sussia.

There first the wren thy myrtles shed
 On gentlest Otway's infant head;
 To him thy cell was shown;
 And while he sung the female heart,
 With youth's soft notes unpoil'd by art,
 Thy turtles mix'd their own.

24

Come, Pity! come; by Fancy's aid
 E'en now my thoughts, relenting maid!
 Thy temples pride design:
 Its southern site, its truth complete,
 Shall raise a wild enthusiast heat
 In all who view the shrine.

30

There Picture's toil shall well relate
 How Chance or hard involving Fate
 O'er mortal bliss prevail:
 The buskin'd Muse shall near her stand,
 And, sighing, prompt her tender hand
 With each disastrous tale.

36

There let me oft, retir'd by day,
 In dreams of passion melt away,
 Allow'd with thee to dwell;
 There waste the mournful lamp of night,
 Till, Virgin! thou again delight
 To hear a British shell.

42

ODE II. TO FEAR.

THOU! to whom the world unknown
 With all its shadowy shapes is shown;
 Who seest appall'd th' unreal scene,
 While Fancy lifts the veil between;
 Ah, Fear! ah, frantic Fear!
 I see, I see thee near!
 I know thy hurry'd step, thy haggard eye!
 Like thee I start, like thee disorder'd fly,
 For lo! what monsters in thy train appear!
 Danger, whose limbs of giant mould
 What mortal eye can fix'd behold?

5

10

Who stalks his round, an hideous form
 Howling amidst the midnight storm,
 Or throws him on the ridgy steep
 Of some loose hanging rock to sleep; 15
 And with him thousand phantoms join'd,
 Who prompt to deeds accurs'd the mind;
 And those, the fiends who near ally'd,
 O'er Nature's wounds and wrecks preside;
 While Vengeance in the lurid air 20
 Lifts her red arm, expos'd and bare;
 On whom that rav'ning brood of Fate
 Who lap the blood of Sorrow wait.
 Who, fearful this ghastly train can see
 And look not madly wild like thee? 25

In earliest Greece to thee with partial choice
 The grief-full Muse address'd her infant tongue;
 The maids and matrons on her awful voice,
 Silent and pale, in wild amazement hung.

Yet he, the bard* who first invok'd thy name, 30
 Disdain'd in Marathon its power to feel;
 For not alone he nurs'd the poet's flame,
 But reach'd from Virtue's hand the patriot's steel.

But who is he whom later garlands grace,
 Who, left a while o'er Hybla's dews to rove, 35
 With trembling eyes thy dreary steps to trace,
 Where thou and Furies shar'd the baleful grove?

Wrapp'd in thy cloudy veil th' incestuous queen†
 Sigh'd the sad call her son and husband heard,
 When once alone she broke the silent scene, 40
 And he the wretch of Thebes no more appear'd.

O Fear! I know thee by my throbbing heart;
 Thy with'ring pow'r inspir'd each mournful line:
 Tho' gentle Pity claim her mingled part,
 Yet all the thunders of the scene are thine. 45

* Æschylus.

† Jocasta.

ANTISTROPHE.

Thou who such weary lengths hast past,
 Where wilt thou rest, mad Nymph! at last?
 Say, wilt thou shroud in haunted cell,
 Where gloomy Rape and Murder dwell?
 Or in some hollow'd seat, 50
 'Gainst which the big waves beat,
 Hear drowning seamen's cries, in tempests brought?
 Dark Power! with shudd'ring meek submitted thought,
 Be mine to read the visions old
 Which thy awak'ning bards have told. 55
 And lest thou meet my blasted view,
 Hold each strange tale devoutly true.
 Ne'er be I found by thee o'er-aw'd
 In that thrice-hallow'd eve abroad
 When ghosts, as cottage-maids believe, 60
 Their pebbled beds permitted leave,
 And goblins haunt from fire, or fen,
 Or mine, or flood, the walks of men!
 O Thou! whose spirit most possessest
 The sacred seat of Shakespeare's breast; 65
 By all that from thy prophet broke,
 In thy divine emotions spoke,
 Hither again thy fury deal;
 Teach me but once like him to feel;
 His cypress wreath my meed decree,
 And I, O Fear! will dwell with thee. 71

ODE III. TO SIMPLICITY.

O THOU, by Nature taught
 To breathe her genuine thought
 In numbers warmly pure and sweetly strong;
 Who first on mountains wild,
 In Fancy, loveliest child,
 Thy babe, and Pleasure's, nurs'd the powers of song! 6
 Thou! who with hermit heart
 Disdain'd the wealth of art,
 And gauds, and pageant weeds, and trailing pall,

But com'st a decent maid,
In Attic robe array'd,
O chaste unboastful Nymph! to thee I call. 12

By all the honey'd store
On Hybla's thymy shore;
By all her blooms and mingled murmurs dear;
By her whole love-lorn woe
In ev'ning nurlings flow
Sooth'd sweetly sad Electra's poet's ear: 18

By old Cephissus deep,
Who spreads his wavy sweep
In warbled wand'rings round thy green retreat,
On whole enamell'd side,
When holy Freedom dy'd,
No equal haunt allur'd thy future feet: 24

O sister meek of Truth!
To my admiring youth
Thy sober aid and native charms infuse.
The flow'rs that sweetest breathe,
Tho' Beauty cull'd the wreath,
Still ask thy hand to range their order'd hues. 30

While Rome could none esteem
But Virtue's patriot theme,
You lov'd her hills, and led her laureat band;
But stay'd to sing alone
To one distinguish'd throne,
And turn'd thy face, and fled her alter'd land. 36

No more in harp or bow'r
The passions owe thy pow'r;
Love, only love, her forceleß numbers mean;
For thou hast left her shrine,
Nor olive more nor vine
Shall gain thy feet to bless the servile scene. 42

Tho' taste, tho' genius, bless
No some divine excess,
Paint's the cold work till thou inspire the whole:

What each, what all, supply
 May court, may charm, our eye;
 Thou, only thou, canst raise the meeting soul! 48

Of these let others ask
 To aid some mighty task;
 I only seek to find thy temperate vale,
 Where oft my reed might sound
 To maids and shepherds round,
 And all thy sons, O Nature! learn my tale. 54

ODE IV.

ON THE POETICAL CHARACTER.

AS once, if not with light regard,
 I read aright that gifted bard,
 (Him whose school above the rest
 His lov'd self Elfin queen has blest)
 One, only one, unrival'd fair*,
 Might hope the magic girdle wear,
 At Iokma's tower hung on high,
 The wish of each love-darting eye:
 Lo! to each other nymph in turn apply'd,
 As if in air unken, some hovering hand, 10
 Some chaste and angel-friend to virgin-fame,
 With whisper'd spell had burst the starting band,
 I left unblest'd her loath'd dishonour'd side:
 Happier, hopeless fair! if never
 Her baffled hand with vain endeavour 15
 Had touch'd that fatal zone, to her deny'd.
 Young fancy thus, to me divinest name,
 To whom, prop'd and birth'd in heav'n,
 The best of amplest power is given,
 To sew the godlike gift assigns 20
 To gird their blot prophetic loins,
 And gaze her vision wild, and feel unmix'd her flame.
 The band, as fairy legends say,
 Was wove on that creating day
 When he who call'd with thought to birth 25
 Yon tented sky this laughing earth,

* Florimel. See Spenser, Leg.

And drest with springs and forests tall,
 And pour'd the main engirting all,
 Long by the lov'd enthusiast woo'd,
 Himself in some diviner mood 30
 Retiring, sat with her alone,
 And plac'd her on his sapphire throne,
 The whiles the vaulted shrine around
 Seraphic wires were heard to sound,
 Now sublimest triumph swelling, 35
 Now on love and mercy dwelling;
 And she from out the veiling cloud
 Breath'd her magic notes aloud;
 And thou, thou rich-hair'd youth of Morn!
 And all thy subject life was born. 40
 The dang'rous Passions kept aloof
 Far from the fainted growing woof;
 But near it sat ecstatic Wonder,
 List'ning the deep applauding thunder;
 And Truth, in sunny vest array'd, 45
 By whose the Tarsel's eyes were made;
 All the shadowy tribes of Mind;
 In braided dance their murmurs join'd,
 And all the bright uncounted pow'rs
 Who feed on heaven's ambrosial flow'rs. 50
 Where is the bard whose soul can now
 Its high presuming hopes avow?
 Where he who thinks with rapture blind,
 This hallow'd work for him design'd?
 High on some cliff, to heaven up-pil'd, 55
 Of rude access, of prospect wild,
 Where tangled round the jealous steep
 Strange shades o'erbrow the vallies deep,
 And holy Genii guard the rock,
 Its glooms embrown, its springs unlock, 60
 While on its rich ambitious head
 An Eden like his own lies spread.
 I view that oak the fancy'd glades among,
 By which a Milton lay, his ev'ning ear,
 From many a cloud that dropp'd ethereal dew, 65
 High-spher'd in heav'n, its native strains could hear,

On which that ancient trump he reach'd was hung;
 Thither oft his glory-greeting,
 From Waller's myrtle shades retreating,
 With many a vow from Hope's aspiring tongue 70
 My trembling feet his guiding steps pursue;
 In vain—Such hints to one alone
 Of all the toils of Soul was known,
 And Heaven and Fanev, kindred pow'rs,
 Have now o'erturn'd th' inspiring bow'rs, 75
 Or curtain'd close such scene from ev'ry future view.

ODE V. TO A LADY,

ON THE DEATH OF COLONEL C. ROSS,

In the Action of Fontenoy.

Written May 1746.

WHILE, lost to all his former mirth,
 Britannia's Genius bends to earth,
 And mourns the fatal day;
 While, stain'd with blood, he strives to tear
 Unseemly from his sea-green hair
 The wreaths of cheerful May;

The thoughts which musing Pity pays,
 And fond Remembrance loves to raise,
 Your faithful hours attend:
 Still Fancy to herself unkind,
 Awakes to grief the soften'd mind,
 And points the bleeding friend. 12

By rapid Scheld's descending wave
 His country's vows shall bleis the grave
 Where'er the youth is laid:
 That sacred spot the village hind
 With ev'ry sweetest turf shall bind,
 And Peace protect the shade. 18

O'er him, whose doom thy Virtues grieve,
 Aerial forms shall sit at eve,
 And bend the pensive head;
 And fall'n to lave his injur'd land,
 Imperial Honour's awful hand
 Shall point his lonely bed. 24

The warlike dead of ev'ry age,
 Who fill the fair recording page,
 Shall leave their faintest rest;
 And, half-reclining on his spear,
 Each wond'ring chief by turns appear
 To hail the blooming guest.

30

Old Edward's sons, unknown to yield,
 Shall croud from Cressy's laurell'd field,
 And gaze with fix'd delight:
 Again for Britain's wrongs they feel,
 Again they snatch the gleamy steel,
 And wish th' avenging fight.

36

But, lo! where sunk in deep despair,
 Her garments torn, her bosom bare,
 Impatient Freedom lies!
 Her matted tresses madly spread,
 To ev'ry sod which wraps the dead
 She turns her joyless eyes.

42

Ne'er shall she leave that lowly ground
 Till notes of triumph bursting round
 Proclaim her reign restor'd;
 Till William seek the sad retreat,
 And, bleeding at her sacred feet,
 Present the stated sword.

48

If, weak to sooth so soft an heart,
 These pictur'd glories nought impart
 To dry thy constant tear;
 If yet, in Scrow's distant eye,
 Expos'd and pale thou seest him lie,
 Wild War int'ring near;

54

Where'er from time thou court'st relief
 The muse shall still with social grief
 Her gentlest promise keep:
 "E'en humble Harting's cottag'd vale
 Shall learn the sad repeated tale,
 And bid her shepherds weep.

60

COOK'S EDITION OF SELECT BRITISH POETS.



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ODE VI.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1746.

HOW sleep the brave, who sink to rest
 By all their country's wishes blest?
 When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
 Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
 She there shall dress a sweeter sod
 Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By Fairy hands their knell is rung;
 By forms unseen their dirge is sung:
 There Honour comes, a pilgrim grey,
 To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
 And Freedom shall a while repair
 To dwell a weeping hermit there.

ODE VII. TO MERCY.

STROPHE.

OTHOU! who sitt'st a smiling bride
 By Valour's arm'd and awful side,
 Gentlest of sky-born forms, and best ador'd!
 Who oft with songs divine to hear
 Winn'st from his fatal grasp the spear,
 And hid'st in wreaths of flow'rs his bloodless sword;
 Thou who amidst the deathful field,
 By godlike chiefs alone beheld,
 Oft with thy bosom bare art found,
 Pleading for him the youth who sinks to ground:
 See, Mercy! see! with pure and loaded hands
 Thy shrine my country's Genius stands, [wound.
 And decks thy altar still, tho' pierc'd with many a

ANTISTROPHE.

When he whom e'en our joys provoke,
 The fiend of Nature, join'd his yoke,
 And rush'd in wrath to make our ill his prey,
 Thy form from out thy sweet abode
 O'ertook him on his blasted road,
 And stopp'd his wheels, and look'd his rage away.

I see recoil his sable steeds,
 That bore him swift to savage deeds;
 Thy tender melting eyes they own.
 O Maid! for all thy love to Britain shown,
 Where Justice bars her iron tow'r,
 To thee we build a roseate bow'r, [narch's throne!
 Thou, thou shalt rule our queen, and share our mo-

ODE VIII. TO LIBERTY.

STROPHE

WHO shall awake the Spartan fire,
 And call in solemn sounds to life
 The youths whose locks divinely spreading,
 Like vernal Hyacinths in fullen hue,
 At once the breath of fear and virtue shedding,
 Applauding Freedom lov'd of old to view?
 What new Alcæus, fancy blest,
 Shall sing the sword, in myrtles drest,
 At Wisdom's shrine a while its flame concealing,
 (What place so fit to seal a deed renown'd?)
 Till she her brightest lightnings round revealing,
 It leap'd in glory forth, and dealt her prompted wound!
 O Goddess! in that feeling hour,
 When most its sounds would court thy ears,
 Let not my shell's misguided pow'r
 E'er draw thy sad, thy mindful, tears.
 No, Freedom! no; I will not tell
 How Rome, before thy weeping face,
 With heaviest sound a giant-statue fell,
 Push'd by a wild and artless race
 From off its wide ambitious base,
 When Time his northern sons of spoil awoke,
 And all the blended work of strength and grace,
 With many a rude repeated stroke, [broke.
 And many a barb'rous yell, to thousand fragments

EPODE II.

Yet 'E'en where'er the least appear'd
 Th' admiring world thy hand rever'd;

ODES.

37

Still 'midst the scatter'd states around
 Some remnants of her strength were found :
 They saw by what escap'd the storm, 30
 How wond'rous rose her perfect form ;
 How in the great the labour'd whole
 Each mighty master pour'd his soul :
 For sunny Florence, seat of Art,
 Beneath her vines preserv'd a part, 35
 Till they whom Science lov'd to name
 (O who could fear it !) quench'd her flame.
 And lo ! an humbler relic laid
 In jealous Pisa's olive shade,
 See small Marino joins the theme, 40
 Tho' least, not last, in thy esteem,
 Strike ! louder strike, th' ennobling strings
 To those whose merchant-sons were kings ;
 To him who, deck'd with pearly pride,
 In Adria weds his green-hair'd bride. 45
 Hail ! port of glory, wealth, and pleasure !
 Ne'er let me change this Lydian measure,
 Nor e'er her former pride relate
 To sad Liguria's bleeding state.
 Ah ! no ; more pleas'd thy haunts I seek 50
 On wild Helvetia's mountains bleak,
 (Where when the favour'd of thy choice,
 The daring archer heard thy voice,
 Forth from his eyrie, rous'd in dread,
 The rav'ning Eagle northward fled) 55
 Or dwell in willow'd meads more near,
 With those to whom thy Stork is dear*,
 Those whom the rod of Alva bruis'd,
 Whose crown a British queen refus'd.
 The magic works, thou feel'st the strains, 60
 One holier name alone remains ;
 The perfect spell shall then avail,
 Hail, Nymph ! ador'd by Britain, hail !

* The Dutch, amongst whom there are very severe penalties for those who are convicted of killing this bird. They are kept tame in almost all their towns, and particularly at the Hague, of the arms of which they make a part. The common people of Holland are said to entertain a superstitious sentiment, that if the whole species of them should become extinct, they should lose their liberties.

ANTISTROPHE.

Beyond the measure vast of thought
 The works the wizzard Time has wrought! 65
 The Gaul, 'tis held of antique story,
 Saw Britain link'd to his slow adverse strand*;
 No sea between, no cliff sublime and hoary,
 He pass'd with unwet feet thro' all our land.
 To the blown Baltic then they say, 70
 The wild waves found another way,
 Where Orcas howls, his wolfish mountains rounding;
 Till all the banded west at once 'gan rise,
 A wide wild storm e'en Nature's self confounding,
 With'ring her giant sons with strange uncouth surprise.
 This pillar'd earth, so firm and wide, 76
 By winds and inward labours torn,
 In thunders dread was push'd aside,
 And down the should'ring billows borne.
 And see! like gems, her laughing train, 80
 The little isles on ev'ry side,
 Mona†, once hid from those who search the main,
 Where thousand elfin shapes abide,
 And wight who checks the west'ring tide,
 For the consenting Heav'n has each bestow'd, 85
 A fair attendant on her sov'reign pride;
 To thee this blest divorce she ow'd,
 For thou hast made her vales thy lov'd thy last abode!

SECOND EPODE.

Then too, 'tis said, an hoary pile
 Midst the green naval of our isle,

* This tradition is mentioned by several of our old historians. Some naturalists too have endeavoured to support the probability of the fact by arguments drawn from the correspondent disposition of the two opposite coasts. I do not remember that any poetical use has been hitherto made of it.

† There is a tradition in the Isle of Man, that a mermaid becoming enamoured of a young man of extraordinary beauty, took an opportunity of meeting him one day as he walked on the shore, and opened her passion to him, but was received with a coldness, occasioned by his horror and surprise at her appearance. This however was so misconstrued by the sea-lady, that in revenge for this treatment of her she punished the whole island by covering it with a mist; so that all who attempted to carry on a commerce with it never arrived at it, but wandered up and down the sea, &c. &c. till one day a sudden wrecked upon its cliffs.

ODES.

39

Thy shrine in some religious wood,
O sole-enforcing Goddess ! stood ;
There oft' the painted native's feet
Were wont thy form celestial meet ;
Tho' now with hopeless toil we trace
Time's backward rolls to find its place ;

95

Whether the fiery tress'd Dane
Or Roman's self o'erturn'd the fane,
Or in what Heav'n-left age it fell,
'Twere hard for modern song to tell :

100

Yet still if truth those beams infuse
Which guide at once and charm the Muse,
Beyond yon braided clouds that lie
Paving the light embroider'd sky,
Amidst the bright pavilion'd plains

105

The beauteous model still remains :
There happier than in islands blest'd,
Or bow'rs by Spring or Hebe dress'd,
The chiefs who fill our Albion's story
In warlike weeds retir'd in glory,
Hear their consort'd Druids sing
Their triumphs to th' immortal string.

110

How may the poet now unfold,
What never tongue or numbers told,
How learn, delighted and amaz'd,
What hands unknown that fabric rais'd ?

115

Ev'n now before his favour'd eyes
In Gothic pride it seems to rise !

Yet Grecian graceful orders join
Majestic thro' the mix'd design :

120

The secret builder knew to chuse
Each sphere-found gem of richest hues ;
Whate'er heaven's purer mould contains

When nearer suns emblaze its veins :
There on the walls the patriot's sight
May ever hang with fresh delight,

125

And, grav'd with some prophetic rage,
Read Albion's fame thro' ev'ry age.
Ye Forms Divine ! ye Laureate Band !
That near her inmost altar stand,

Now sooth her, to her blissful train
 Blithe Concord's social form to gain;
 Concord! whose myrtle wand can steep
 E'en Anger's blood-shot eyes in sleep;
 Before whose breathing bosom's balm
 Rage drops his steel, and storms grow calm: 135
 Her let our fires and matrons hoar
 Welcome to Britain's ravag'd shore,
 Our youths, enamour'd of the fair,
 Play with the tangles of her hair, 140
 Till in one loud applauding sound
 The nations shout to her around,
 O! how supremely art thou blest!
 Thou, Lady! thou shalt rule the West! 144

ODE IX. TO EVENING.

IF aught of oaten stop or past'ral song
 May hope, chaste Eve! to sooth thy modest ear,
 Like thy own solemn springs,
 Thy springs and dying gales; 4
 O Nymph reserv'd! while now the bright-hair'd Sun
 Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
 With brede ethereal wove,
 O'erhang his wavy bed; 8
 Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-ey'd bat
 With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing,
 Or where the beetle winds
 His small but fullen horn, 12
 As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
 Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum;
 Now teach me, maid compos'd!
 To breathe some soften'd strain, 16
 Whose numbers stealing thro' thy dark'ning vale
 May not unseemly with its stillness suit,
 As musing slow I hail
 The evening lov'd return: 20

ODES.

41

For when thy folding-star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant Hours and Elves,
Who slept in buds the day,

24

And many a Nymph, who wreathes her brows with
And sheds the fresh'ning dew, and, lovelier still, [sedge,
The penfive Pleasures sweet,
Prepare thy shadowy car:

28

Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene,
Or find some ruin 'midst its dreary dells,
Whose walls more awful nod
By thy religious gleams:

32

Or if chill blust'ring winds or driving rain
Prevent my willing feet be mine the hut
That from the mountain's sides
Views wilds and swelling floods,

36

And hamlets brown, and dim-discover'd spires,
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.

40

While Spring shall pour his show'rs, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve!
While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy ling'ring light;

44

While fallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves,
Or Winter, yelling thro' the troublous air,
Affrigles thy shrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes;

48

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace,
Thy gentlest influence own,
And love thy favourite name!

52

ODE X. TO PEACE.

THOU! who bad'st thy turtles bear
Swift from his grasp thy golden hair;
D

And sought'st thy native skies;
When War, by vultures drawn from far,
To Britain bent his iron car,
And bid his storms arise:

44

6

Tir'd of rude tyrannic sway,
Our youth shall fix some festive day
His fallen shrines to burn;
But thou, who hear'st the turning spheres,
What sounds may charm thy partial ears,
And gain thy blest'd return?

12

O Peace! thy injur'd robes up-bind;
O rise, and leave not one behind
Of all thy beamy train!
The British Lion, Goddess sweet!
Lies stretch'd on earth to kiss thy feet,
And own thy holier reign.

18

Let others court thy transient smile,
But come to grace thy Western Isle,
By warlike Honour led;
And while around her ports rejoice,
While all her sons adore thy choice,
With him for ever wed.

24

ODE XI. THE MANNERS.

e

FAREWEL, for clearer ken design'd,
The dim-discover'd tracks of mind,
Truths which, from Action's paths retir'd,
My silent search in vain requir'd.
No more my sail that deep explores,
No more I search the magic shores,
What regions part the world of soul,
Or whence thy streams, Opinion, roll:
If e'er I round such fairy field,
Some pow'r impart the spear and shield
At which the wizard Passions fly,
By which the giant Follies die!

5

10

ODES.

43

Farewel the porch whose roof is seen
 Arch'd with th' enliv'ning olive's green;
 Where Science, prank'd in tissu'd vest,
 By Reason, Pride, and Fancy drest,
 Comes like a bride, so trim array'd,
 To wed with Doubt in Plato's shade!

15

Youth of the quick uncheated fight,
 Thy walks, Observance, more invite.
 O thou! who lov'st that ampler range
 Where Life's wide prospects round thee change,
 And with her mingled sons ally'd
 Throw'st the prattling page aside,
 To me in converse sweet impart,
 To read in man the native heart;
 To learn, where Science sure is found,
 From Nature as she lives around,
 And gazing oft her mirror true,
 By turns each shifting image view,
 Till meddling Art's officious loss
 Reverse the lessons taught before,
 Alluring from a safer rule
 To dream in her enchanted school.
 Thou, heaven! whate'er of great we boast,
 Hast blest this social science most.

20

25

30

35

Retiring hence to thoughtful cell,
 As Fancy breathes her potent spell,
 Not vain she finds the charming task
 In pageant quaint, in motley mask.
 Behold! before her musing eyes
 The countless Manners round her rise,
 While, ever varying as they pass,
 To some Contempt applies her glass:

40

With these the white-rob'd maids combine,
 And those the laughing Satyrs join.
 But who is he whom now she views
 In robe of wild contending hues?

45

Thou by the Passions nurs'd, I greet
 The comic sock that binds thy feet!

50

O Humour! thou whose name is known
 To Britain's favour'd isle alone,
 Me too amidst thy band admit,
 There where the young-ey'd healthful Wit,
 (Whose jewels in his crisped hair
 Are plac'd each other's beams to share,
 Whom no delights from thee divide)
 In laughter loos'd attends thy side.

By old Miletus*, who so long
 Has ceas'd his love-inwoven song;
 By all you taught the Tuscan maids
 In chang'd Italia's modern shades;
 By him whose Knight's distinguish'd name†
 Refin'd a nation's lust of fame,
 Whose tales ev'n now with echoes sweet,
 Catilia's Moorish hills repeat;
 Or him whom Seine's blue nymphs deplore ‡
 In watchet weeds on Gallia's shore,
 Who drew the sad Sicilian maid
 By virtues in her fire betray'd:

O Nature boon! from whom proceed
 Each forceful thought, each prompted deed,
 If but from thee I hope to feel,
 On all my heart imprint thy seal!
 Let some retreating Cynic find
 Those oft-turn'd scrolls I leave behind;
 The sports and I this hour agree
 To rove thy scene-full world with thee!

* Alluding to the Milesian Tales, some of the earliest romances.

† Cervantes.

‡ Monsieur Le Sage, author of the Incomparable Adventures of Gil Blas de Santillane, who died in Paris in the year 1745.



ODE XII. THE PASSIONS.

AN ODE FOR MUSIC.

WHEN Music, heavenly Maid! was young,
 While yet in early Greece she sung,
 The Passions oft, to hear her fell,
 Throng'd around her magic cell;
 Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting, 5
 Possess'd beyond the Mute's painting,
 By turns thy felt the glowing mind
 Disturb'd, delighted, rais'd, refin'd;
 Till once, 'tis said, when all were fir'd,
 Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspir'd, 10
 From the supporting myrtles round
 They snatch'd her instruments of sound;
 And as they oft had heard apart
 Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
 Each, for Madness rul'd the hour, 15
 Would prove his own expressive pow'r.
 First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
 Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,
 And back recoil'd, he knew not why,
 E'en at the sound himself had made. 20
 Next Anger rush'd, his eyes on fire
 In lightnings own'd his secret stings;
 In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
 And swept with hurried hand the strings.
 With woful measures wan Despair— 25
 Low fallen sounds his grief beguil'd;
 A solemn, strange, and mingled air!
 'Twas sad by fits, by starts, and wild.
 But thou, O Hope! with eyes so fair,
 What was thy delighted measure? 30
 Still it whisper'd promis'd pleasure,
 And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!
 Still would her touch the strain prolong,
 And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
 She call'd on Echo still thro' all the song;

And where her sweetest theme she chose,
 A soft responsive voice was heard at ev'ry close ;
 And Hope enchanted smil'd, and wav'd her golden hair.
 And longer had she sung—but with a frown
 Revenge impatient rose ; 40
 He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down,
 And with a withering look
 The war-denouncing trumpet took,
 And blew a blast so loud and dread,
 Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe ; 45
 And ever and anon he beat
 The doubling drum with furious heat ;
 And tho' sometimes, each dreary pause between,
 Dejected Pity at his side
 Her soul-subduing voice apply'd, 50
 Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mein,
 While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting from
 his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy ! to nought were fix'd ;
 Sad proof of thy distressful state ;
 Of diff'ring themes the veering song was mix'd, 55
 And now it courted Love, now raving call'd on Hate.

With eyes up-rai'd, as one inspir'd,
 Pale Melancholy sat retir'd,
 And from her wild sequester'd seat,
 In notes by distance made more sweet,
 Pour'd thro' the mellow horn her pensive soul,
 And dashing, soft from rocks around
 Bubbling runnels join'd the sound ;
 Thro' glades and glooms the mingled measure stole,
 Or o'er some haunted streams with fond delay, 65
 Round an holy cake ~~lingering~~,
 Love of peace and lonely musing,
 In hollow murmurs dy'd away.
 But O ! how alter'd was its sprightlier tone !
 When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue, 70
 Her bow across her shoulder flung,
 Her ~~business~~ ~~gemm'd~~ gemm'd with morning dew,

Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
 The hunter's call to Faun and Dryad known;
 The oak-crown'd sisters, and their chaste-ey'd queen,
 Satyrs and Sylvan boys were seen 76
 Peeping from forth their alleys green;
 Brown Exercise rejoic'd to hear,
 And Sport leapt up, and seiz'd his beechen spear.
 Last came Joy's ecstatic trial 80

He, with viny crown advancing,
 First to the lively pipe his hand address'd,
 But soon he saw the brisk-awakening viol,
 Whose sweet entrancing voice he lov'd the best,
 They would have thought who heard the strain 85
 They saw in Tempe's vale her native maids
 Amidst the festal sounding shades
 To some unwear'd minstrel dancing,
 While as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings
 Love fram'd with Mirth a gay fantastic sound; 90
 Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound,
 And he, amidst his frolic play,
 As if he would the charming air repay,
 Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

O Music! sphere-descended maid, 95
 Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid,
 Why, Goddess! why to us deny'd?
 Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside?
 As in that lov'd Athenian bow'r
 You learn'd an all-commanding pow'r, 100
 Thy mimic soul, O Nymph endear'd!
 Can well recal what then it heard.
 Where is thy native simple heart,
 Devote to virtue, fancy, art?
 Arise, as in that elder time, 105
 Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime!
 Thy wonders in that god-like age
 Fill thy recording sister's page—
 'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
 Thy humblest reed could more prevail, 110

Had more of strength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age;
Ev'n all at once together found
Cæcilia's mingled world of sound—
O bid our vain endeavours cease,
Revive the just designs of Greece;
Return in all thy simple state;
Confirm the tales her sons relate!

115

118



ODE XIII.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. THOMSON.

*The Scene of the following Stanzas is supposed to lie on the Thames,
near Richmond.*

I.

IN yonder grave^a a Druid lies,
Where slowly winds the stealing wave;
The year's best sweets shall duteous rise
To deck its Poet's sylvan grave. 4

II.

In yon deep bed of whisp'ring reeds
His airy harp † shall now be laid,
That he whose heart in sorrow bleeds
May love thro' life the soothing shade. 8

III.

Then maids and youths shall linger here,
And while its sounds at distance swell,
Shall sadly seem in Pity's ear
To her the woodland pilgrim's knell. 12

IV.

Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore
When Thames in summer wreaths is drest,
And oft suspend the dashing oar
To bid his gentle spirit rest! 16

V.

And oft as Ease and Health retire
To breezy lawn or forest deep,
The friend shall view yon whit'ning spire ‡,
And 'mid the vary'd landscape weep. 20

VI.

But thou, who own'st that earthly bed,
Ah! what will ev'ry dinge avail?
Or tears which Love and Pity shed
That mourn beneath the gliding sail! 24

† The harp of *Æolus*, of which see a description in the *Cable and
Influence*.

‡ Richmond church, in which Mr. Thomson was buried.

VII.

Yet lives there one whose heedless eye
Shall scorn thy pale shrine glimm'ring near?
With him, sweet Bard! may Fancy die,
And Joy desert the blooming year.

28

VIII.

But thou, lorn Stream! whose sullen tide
No sedge-crown'd sisters now attend,
Now waft me from the green hill's side
Whose cold turf hides the bury'd friend!

32

IX.

And see! the Fairy vallies fade,
Dun Night has veil'd the solemn view!
Yet once again dear parted Shade!
Meek Nature's Child! again adieu.

36

X.

The genial meads assign'd to bless
Thy life shall mourn thy early doom†!
Their hinds and shepherd-girls shall dress
With simple hands thy rural tomb.

40

XI.

Long, long, thy stone and pointed clay
Shall melt the musing Briton's eyes;
O Vales! and wild Woods! shall he say,
In yonder grave your Druid lies!

44

† Mr. Thomson resided in the neighbourhood of Richmond some time before his death.



OBSERVATIONS

ON THE ORIENTAL ECLOGUES.

THE genius of the Pastoral, as well as of every other respectable species of poetry, had its origin in the East, and from thence was transplanted by the Muses of Greece; but whether from the continent of the Lesser Asia, or from Egypt, which about the era of the Grecian Pastoral was the hospitable nurse of letters, it is not easy to determine. From the subjects and the manner of Theocritus one would incline to the latter opinion, while the history of Bion is in favour of the former.

However, though it should still remain a doubt through what channel the Pastoral travelled westward, there is not the least shadow of uncertainty concerning its oriental origin.

In those ages which, guided by sacred chronology, from a comparative view of time we call the Early Ages, it appears from the most authentic historians that the chiefs of the people employed themselves in rural exercises, and that astronomers and legislators were at the same time shepherds. Thus Strabo informs us that the history of the creation was communicated to the Egyptians by a Chaldean shepherd.

From these circumstances it is evident not only that such shepherds were capable of all the dignity and elegance peculiar to poetry, but that whatever poetry they attempted would be of the Pastoral kind; would take its subjects from those scenes of rural simplicity in which they were conversant, and, as it was the offspring of Harmony and Nature, would employ the powers it derived from the former to celebrate the beauty and benevolence of the latter.

Accordingly we find that the most ancient poems treat of agriculture, astronomy, and other objects within the rural and natural systems.

What constitutes the difference between the Georgic and the Pastoral is love, and the colloquial or dramatic form of composition peculiar to the latter: this form of composition is sometimes dispensed with, and

52 OBSERVATIONS ON THE ECLOGUES.

love and rural imagery alone are thought sufficient to distinguish the Pastoral. The tender passion, however, seems to be essential to this species of poetry, and is hardly ever excluded from those pieces that were intended to come under this denomination: even in those Eclogues of the Amœbean kind, whose only purport is a trial of skill between contending shepherds, love has its usual share, and the praises of their respective mistresses are the general subjects of the competitors.

It is to be lamented that scarce any oriental compositions of this kind have survived the ravages of Ignorance, Tyranny, and Time: we cannot doubt that many such have been extant, possibly as far down as that fatal period, never to be mentioned in the world of letters without horror, when the glorious monuments of human ingenuity perished in the ashes of the Alexandrian library.

Those ingenious Greeks, whom we call the Parents of Pastoral poetry, were probably no more than imitators, that derived their harmony from higher and remoter sources, and kindled their poetical fires at those then unextinguished lamps which burned within the tombs of oriental genius.

It is evident that Homer has availed himself of those magnificent images and descriptions so frequently to be met with in the books of the Old Testament.

And as the Septuagint translation of the Old Testament was performed at the request, and under the patronage, of Ptolemy Phaladelphus, it were not to be wondered if Theocritus, who was entertained at that prince's court, had borrowed some part of his pastoral imagery from the poetical passages of those books.

In consequence of the peculiarities of the eastern style so ill adapted to the frigid genius of the north, Mr. Collins could make but little use of it as a precedent for his Oriental Eclogues; and even in his third Eclogue, where the subject is of a similar nature, he has chosen rather to follow the mode of the Doric and the Latin Pastoral.

The scenery and subjects, then, of the following.

Eclogues alone are oriental; the style and colouring are purely European; and for this reason the author's preface, in which he intimates that he had the originals from a merchant who traded to the east, is omitted, as being now altogether superfluous.

With regard to the merit of these Eclogues, it may justly be asserted, that in simplicity of description and expression, in delicacy and softness of numbers, and in natural and unaffected tenderness, they are not to be equalled by any thing of the Pastoral kind in the English language.

ECLOGUE I.

THIS Eclogue, which is entitled *Selim; or, The Shepherd's Moral*, subject, may be thought the least entertaining of the four; but it is by no means the least valuable. The moral precepts which the intelligent shepherd delivers to his fellow swains, and the virgins their companions, are such as would infallibly promote the happiness of the Pastoral life.

In impersonating the private virtues, the poet has observed great propriety, and has formed their genealogy with the most perfect judgment, when he represents them as the daughters of truth and wisdom.

The characteristics of modesty and chastity are extremely happy and *peinturesque*;

Come thou, whose thoughts as limpid springs are clear;
To lead the train, sweet Modesty! appear:
With thee be Chastity, of all afraid,
Distrusting all, a wise, suspicious maid;
Cold is her breast, like snow's that drink the dew,
A sliken veil conceals her from the view.

The two families borrowed from rural objects are not only much in character, but perfectly natural and expressive. There is, notwithstanding, this defect in the former, that it wants a peculiar propriety; for purity of thought may as well be applied to chastity as to modesty; and from this instance, as well as from a thousand more, we may see the necessity of distinguishing, in characteristic poetry, every object by marks and attributes peculiarly its own.

54 OBSERVATIONS ON THE ECLOGUES.

It cannot be objected to this eclogue that it wants both those essential *criteria* of the pastoral, love and the drama; for though it partakes not of the latter, the former still retains an interest in it, and that too very material, as it professedly consults the virtue and happiness of the lover, while it informs what are the qualities

----- that must lead to love.

ECLOGUE II.

ALL the advantages that any species of poetry can derive from the novelty of the subject and scenery this eclogue possesses. The rout of a camel-driver is a scene that scarce could exist in the imagination of an European, and of its attendant distresses he could have no idea. These are very happily and minutely painted by our descriptive Poet. What sublime simplicity of expression! what nervous plainness in the opening of the poem!

In silent horror o'er the boundless waste
The driver Hassan with his camels past.

The magic pencil of the Poet brings the whole scene before us at once, as it were by enchantment, and in this single couplet we feel all the effect that arises from the terrible wildness of a region unenlivened by the habitations of men. The verses that describe so minutely the camel-driver's little provisions have a touching influence on the imagination, and prepare the reader to enter more feelingly into his future apprehensions of distress;

Bethink thee, Hassan! where shall Thirst assuage,
When fails this cruise, his unrelenting rage?

Mr. Collins speaks like a true poet, as well in sentiment as expression, when, with regard to the thirst of wealth, he says,

Why heed we not, while mad we haste along,
The gentle voice of Peace, or Pleasure's song?
Or wherefore think the flow'ry mountain's side,
The fountain's murmurs, and the valley's pride;
Why think we these less pleasing to behold,
Than dreary deserts, if they lead to gold.

But however just these sentiments may appear to those who have not revolted from nature and simplicity, had the Author proclaimed them in Lombard-street or Chancery-lane he would not have been complimented with

the understanding of the bell-man. A striking proof that our own particular ideas of happiness regulate our opinions concerning the sense and wisdom of others!

It is impossible to take leave of this most beautiful eclogue without paying the tribute of admiration so justly due to the following nervous lines;

What if the lion in his rage I meet!-----
Oft in the dust I view his printed feet;
And fear ulost, when Days declining light
Yields her pale empire to the mournful Night;
By hunger rous'd he scours the groaning plain
Gaunt wolves and sullen tigers in his train;
Before them Death with shrieks directs their way,
Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey.

This, amongst many other passages to be met with in the writings of Collins, shews that his genius was perfectly capable of the grand and magnificent in description, notwithstanding what a learned writer has advanced to the contrary. Nothing certainly could be more greatly conceived, or more adequately expressed, than the image in the last couplet.

ECLOGUE III.

THAT innocence and native simplicity of manners which, in the first eclogue, was allowed to constitute the happiness of love, is here beautifully described in its effects. The Sultan of Persia marries a Georgian shepherdess, and finds in her embraces that genuine felicity which unperverted nature alone can bestow. The most natural and beautiful parts of this eclogue are those where the fair Sultana refers with so much pleasure to her Pastoral amusements, and those scenes of happy innocence in which she had passed her early years; particularly when, upon her first departure,

Oft as she went she backward turn'd her view,
And bade that crook and bleating flock adieu.

This picture of amiable simplicity reminds one of that passage where Proserpine, when carried off by Pluto, regrets the loss of the flowers she had been gathering:

Colle, si flores tunicis cecidisse remis:
Tunc quoque simplicitas puerilibus adfuit annis,
Hec quoque virginum movit jactura dolorem.

ECLOGUE IV.

THE beautiful but unfortunate country where the scene of this pathetic eclogue is laid had been recently

torn in pieces by the depredations of its savage neighbours, when Mr. Collins so affectingly described its misfortunes. This ingenious man had not only a pencil to pourtray, but a heart to feel for the miseries of mankind; and it is with the utmost tenderness and humanity he enters into the narrative of Circaſſia's ruin, while he realizes the scene, and brings the present drama before us. Of every circumstance that could possibly contribute to the tender effect this Pastoral was designed to produce, the Poet has availed himself with the utmost art and address.

The opening of the dialogue is equally happy, natural, and unaffected, when one of the shepherds, weary and overcome with the fatigue of flight, calls upon his companion to review the length of way they had passed. This is certainly painting from nature, and the thoughts, however obvious, or destitute of refinement, are perfectly in character. But as the closest pursuit of nature is the surest way to excellence in general, and to sublimity in particular, in poetical description, so we find that this simple suggestion of the shepherd is not unattended with magnificence: there is grandeur and variety in the landscape he describes;

And first review that long-extended plain,
And yon wide groves, already past with pain;
Yon rugged cliff, whose dang'rous path we try'd,
And last this lofty mountain's weary side.

There is, in imitative harmony, an act of expressing a slow and difficult movement by adding to the usual number of pauses in a verse. This is observable in the line that describes the ascent of the mountain;

And last || this lofty mountain's || weary side ||.

Here we find the number of pauses, or musical bars, which in an heroic verse is commonly two, increased to three.

Nothing can be more beautifully conceived, or more pathetically expressed, than the shepherd's apprehensions for his fair country-women, exposed to the ravages of the invaders;

In vain Circaſſia boasts her spicy groves,
For ever fam'd for pure and happy loves:
In vain she boasts her fairest of the fair,
Their eyes' blue languish, and their golden hair!

Those eyes in tears their fruitless grief shall send
Those hairs the Tartar's cruel hand shall rend.

There is certainly some very powerful charm in the liquid melody of sounds. The editor of these poems could never read or hear the following verse repeated without a degree of pleasure otherwise entirely unaccountable;

Their eyes' blue languish, and their golden hair.

Such are the Oriental Eclogues, which we leave with the same kind of anxious pleasure we feel upon a temporary parting with a beloved friend.

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE ODES DESCRIPTIVE AND ALLEGORICAL.

THE genius of Collins was capable of every degree of excellence in lyric poetry, and perfectly qualified for that high province of the Muse. Possessed of a native ear for all the varieties of harmony and modulation, susceptible of the finest feelings of tenderness and humanity, but, above all, carried away by that high enthusiasm which gives to imagination its strongest colouring, he was at once capable of soothing the ear with the melody of his numbers, of influencing the passions by the force of his pathos, and of gratifying the fancy by the luxury of his description.

In consequence of these powers, but more particularly in consideration of the last, he chose such subjects for his lyric essays as were most favourable for the indulgence of description and allegory; where he could exercise his powers in moral and personal painting; where he could exert his invention in conferring new attributes on images or objects already known, and described by a determinate number of characteristics; where he might give an uncommon eclat to his figures, by placing them in happier attitudes, or in more advantageous lights, and introduce new forms from the moral and intellectual world into the society of impersonated beings.

Such no doubt were the privileges which the Poet expected, and such were the advantages he derived from the descriptive and allegorical nature of his themes.

It seems to have been the whole industry of our Author (and it is at the same time, almost all the claim to moral excellence his writings can boast) to promote the influence of the social virtues, by painting them in the fairest and happiest lights,

"Melior fieri tuendo"

would be no improper motto to his poems in general, but of his lyric poems it seems to be the whole moral tendency and effect. If, therefore, it should appear to some readers that he has been more industrious to cultivate description than sentiment, it may be observed that his descriptions themselves are sentimental, and answer the whole end of that species of writing, by embellishing every feature of Virtue, and by conveying through the effects of the pencil the finest moral lessons to the mind.

Horace speaks of the fidelity of the ear in preference to the uncertainty of the eye; but if the mind receives conviction, it is certainly of very little importance through what medium, or by which of the senses it is conveyed. The impressions left on the imagination may possibly be thought less durable than the deposits of the memory; but it may very well admit of a question whether a conclusion of reason or an impression of imagination will soonest make its way to the heart. A moral precept, conveyed in words, is only an account of truth in its effects; a moral picture is, truth exemplified; and which is most likely to gain upon the affections it may not be difficult to determine.

This however must be allowed, that those works approach the nearest to perfection which unite these powers and advantages; which at once influence the imagination and engage the memory; the former by the force of animated and striking description, the latter by a brief but harmonious conveyance of precept: thus while the heart is influenced through the operation of the passions or the fancy, the effect, which might otherwise have been transient, is secured by the co-operating power of the memory, which treasures up in a short aphorism the moral of the scene.

This is a good reason, and this perhaps is the only reason that can be given, why our dramatic performances should generally end with a chain of couplets: in these the moral of the whole piece is usually conveyed; and that assistance which the memory borrows from rhyme, as it was probably the original cause of it, gives it usefulness and propriety even there.

After these apologies for the descriptive turn of Mr. Collins's Odes, something remains to be said on the origin and use of allegory in poetical composition.

By this we are not to understand the trope in the schools, which is defined "*aliud verbis, aliud sensu ostendere*," and of which Quintilian says, "*usus est, ut tristitia dicamus melioribus verbis, aut bonæ rei gratia quædam contrariis significemus*," &c. It is not the verbal but the sentimental allegory, not allegorical expression (which might indeed come under the term of Metaphor), but allegorical imagery, that is here in question.

When we endeavour to trace this species of figurative sentiment to its origin, we find it coeval with literature itself. It is generally agreed that the most ancient productions are poetical, and it is certain that the most ancient poems abound with allegorical imagery.

If, then, it be allowed that the first literary productions were poetical, we shall have little or no difficulty in discovering the origin of allegory.

At the birth of letters, in the transition from hieroglyphical to literal expression, it is not to be wondered if the custom of expressing ideas by personal images, which had so long prevailed, should still retain its influence on the mind, though the use of letters had rendered the practical application of it superfluous. Those who had been accustomed to express strength by the image of an elephant, swiftness by that of a panther, courage by that of a lion, would make no scruple of substituting, in letters, the symbols for the ideas they had been used to represent.

Here we plainly see the origin of allegorical expression, that it arose from the ashes of hieroglyphics.

and if to the same cause we should refer that figurative boldness of style and imagery which distinguishes the oriental writings, we shall perhaps conclude more justly than if we should impute it to the superior grandeur of eastern genius.

From the same source with the verbal we are to derive the sentimental allegory, which is nothing more than a continuation of the metaphorical or symbolical expression of the several agents in an action, or the different objects in a scene.

The latter most peculiarly comes under the denomination of all allegorical imagery; and in this species of allegory we include the impersonation, of passions, affections, virtues, and vices, &c. on account of which principally these Odes were properly termed by their author Allegorical.

With respect to the utility of this figurative writing, the same arguments that have been advanced in favour of descriptive poetry will be of weight likewise here. It is indeed from impersonation, or, as it is commonly termed, personification, that poetical description borrows its chief powers and graces. Without the aid of this, moral and intellectual painting would be flat and unanimated; and even the scenery of material objects would be dull without the introduction of fictitious life.

These observations will be most effectually illustrated by the sublime and beautiful Odes that occasioned them: in those it will appear how happily this allegorical painting may be executed by the genuine powers of poetical genius, and they will not fail to prove its force and utility by passing through the imagination to the heart.

ODE I. TO PITY.

My Pella's bard, a magic name,
By all the griefs his thought could frame,
Receive my humble rite!
Long, Pity! let the nations view
Thy say-worn robes of tend'rous blue,
And eyes of dewy light.

: propriety of invoking Pity through the medium of Euripides is obvious. That admirable poet

had the keys of all the tender passions, and therefore could not but stand in the highest esteem with a writer of Mr. Collins's sensibility.

The eyes of dewy light is one of the happiest strokes of imagination, and may be ranked among those expressions which

-----give us back the image of the mind.

Wild Arun too has heard thy strains,
And Echo 'midst my native plains
Been sooth'd with Pity's lute:
There first the wren thy myrtles shed
On gentlest Otway's infant head.

Sussex, in which county the Arun is a small river, had the honour of giving birth to Otway as well as Collins: both these poets, unhappily, became the objects of that pity by which their writings are distinguished.— There was a similitude in their genius and in their sufferings; there was a resemblance in the misfortunes and in the dissipation of their lives; and the circumstances of their death cannot be remembered without pain.

The thought of painting in the temple of Pity the history of human misfortunes, and of drawing the scenes from the Tragic Muse, is very happy, and in every respect worthy the imagination of Collins.

ODE II. TO FEAR.

Mr. Collins, who had often determined to apply himself to dramatic poetry, seems here, with the same view, to have addressed one of the principal powers of the drama, and to implore that mighty influence she had given to the genius of Shakespeare;

Hither again thy fury deal;
Teach me but once like him to feel;
Hisypress wreath my meed decree,
And I, Oh Fear! will dwell with thee.

In the construction of this nervous ode, the Author has shewn equal power of judgment and imagination. Nothing can be more striking than the violent and abrupt abbreviation of the measure in the fifth and sixth verses, when he feels the strong influences of the power he invokes;

Ah, Fear! ah, frantic Fear!
I see, I see thee near!

The editor of these poems has met with nothing in the same species of poetry, either in his own or in any other

language, equal in all respects, to the following description of Danger;

Danger, whose limbs of giant mould
What mortal eye can see'd behold?
Who stalks his round, an hideous form!
Howling amidst the midnight storm,
Or throws him on the wady steep
Of some loose hanging rock to sleep.

It is impossible to contemplate the image conveyed in the two last verses without those emotions of terror it was intended to excite.

That nutritive enthusiasm which cherishes the seeds of poetry, and which is indeed the only soil wherein they will grow to perfection, lays open the mind to all the influences of fiction. A passion for whatever is greatly wild or magnificent in the works of Nature, seduces the imagination to attend to all that is extravagant, however unnatural. Milton was notoriously fond of high romance and Gothic *diableries*; and Collins, who in genius and enthusiasm bore no very distant resemblance to Milton, was wholly carried away by the same attachments:

Be mine to read the visions old
Which thy awak'ning bards have told;
And lest thou meet my blasted view,
Hold each strange tale devoutly true.

On that thrice ballow'd eve, &c.] There is an old traditionary superstition, that on St. Mark's eve the forms of all such persons as shall die within the ensuing year make their solemn entry into the churches of their respective parishes, as St. Patrick swam over the Channel, without their heads.

ODE III. TO SIMPLICITY.

The measure of the ancient ballad seems to have been made choice of for this ode on account of the subject and it has indeed an air of Simplicity not altogether unaffecting;

By all the honey'd store,
On Hybla's thymy shore;
By all her blooms and mingled murmurs dear;
By her whose love-lorn woe
Inev'ning musings flow
Sooth'd sweetly sad Electra's poet's ear.

his allegorical imagery of the honey'd store, the and mingled murmurs of Hybla alluding to the

sweetness and beauty of Attic poetry, has the finest and the happiest effect.

ODE IV.

ON THE POETICAL CHARACTER.

Procul! O! procul este profani!

This ode is so infinitely abstracted, and replete with high enthusiasm, that it will find few readers capable of entering into the spirit of it, or of relishing its beauties. There is a style of sentiment as utterly unintelligible to common capacities as if the subject were treated in an unknown language; and it is on the same account that abstracted poetry will never have many admirers. The authors of such poems must be content with the approbation of those heaven-favoured geniuses who, by a similarity of taste and sentiment, are enabled to penetrate the high mysteries of inspired fancy, and to pursue the loftiest flights of enthusiastic imagination. Nevertheless the praise of the distinguished few is certainly preferable to the applause of the undiscerning million; for all praise is valuable in proportion to the judgment of those who confer it.

As the subject of this ode is uncommon, so are the style and expression highly metaphorical and abstracted; thus the sun is called "the rich-hair'd youth of Morn;" the ideas are termed "the shadowy tribes of Mind," &c. We are struck with the propriety of this mode of expression here, and it affords us new proofs of the analogy that subsists between language and sentiment.

Nothing can be more loftily imagined, than the creation of the æstus of Fancy in this ode; the allegorical imagery is rich and sublime; and the observation that the dangerous passions kept aloof during the operation is founded on the strictest philosophical truth; for poetical fancy can exist only in minds that are perfectly serene, and in some measure abstracted from the influences of sense.

The scene of Milton's "inspiring hour" is perfectly in character, and described with all those wild-wood

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appearances of which the great poet was so enthusiastically fond ;

I view that oak the fancy'd glade among,

Nigh spher'd in heav'n, its native strains could hear.

ODE V. TO A LADY.

ON THE DEATH OF COLONEL CHARLES ROSS.

In the Action of Fontenoy.

Written May, 1745.

The iambic kind of numbers in which this ode is conceived, seems as well calculated for tender and plaintive subjects as for those where strength or rapidity is required. This perhaps is owing to the repetition of the strain in the same stanza ; for sorrow rejects variety, and affects an uniformity of complaint. It is needless to observe that this ode is replete with harmony, spirit, and pathos : and there surely appears no reason why the seventh and eighth stanzas should be omitted in that copy printed in Doddsley's Collection of Poems.

ODE VI.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR, 1746.

* * * * *

ODE VII. TO MERCY.

The ode written in 1746, and the ode to Mercy, seem to have been written on the same occasion, viz. the late rebellion ; the former in memory of those heroes who fell in defence of their country ; the latter to excite sentiments of compassion in favour of those unhappy and deluded wretches who became a sacrifice to public justice.

ODE VIII. TO LIBERTY.

The ancient states of Greece, perhaps the only ones in which a perfect model of Liberty ever existed, are naturally brought to view in the opening of the poem,

*Who shall awake the Spartan fire,
And call in solemn sounds to life
The youths whose locks divinely spreading,
Like vernal Hyacinths in fullen hue ? &c.*

There is something extremely bold in the imagery of the locks of the Spartan youths.

The fall of Rome is here most nervously described in line ;

With heaviest sound a giant-statue fell.

The thought seems altogether new, and the imitative harmony in the structure of the verse is admirable.

After bewailing the ruin of ancient Liberty, the poet considers the influence it has retained, or still retains among the moderns; and here the free republics of Italy naturally engage his attention. Florence, indeed, only to be lamented on the account of losing its liberty under those patrons of letters, the Medicean family; the jealous Pisa, justly so called in respect to its long impatience and regret under the same yoke; and the small Marino, which, however, unrespectable with regard to power or extent of territory, has at least this distinction to boast, that it has preserved its Liberty longer than any other state ancient or modern, having, without any revolution, retained its present mode of government near 1400 years. Moreover, the patron-saint who founded it, and from whom it takes its name, deserves this poetical record, as he is perhaps the only saint that ever contributed to the establishment of freedom.

Nor e'er her former pride relate
To sad Liguria's bleeding state.

In these lines the poet alludes to those ravages in the state of Genoa occasioned by the unhappy divisions of the Gulphs and Gibelines.

----When the favour'd of thy choice,
The daring archer, heard thy voice.

For an account of the celebrated event referred to in these verses, see Voltaire's Epistle to the King of Prussia.

Those whom the rod of Alva bruis'd,
Whose crown a British queen refus'd.

The Flemings were so dreadfully oppressed by this sanguinary general of Philip II. that they offered their sovereignty to Elizabeth, but, happily for her subjects, she had policy and magnanimity enough to refuse it.

ODE IX. TO EVENING.

The blank ode has for some time solicited admission into the English poetry, but its efforts hitherto seem to have been vain, at least its reception has been no more than partial. It remains a question, then, whether

there is not something in the nature of blank verse less adapted to the lyric than to the heroic measure, since though it has been generally received in the latter, it is yet unadopted in the former. In order to discover this, we are to consider the different modes of these different species of poetry. That of the heroic is uniform, that of the lyric is various; and in these circumstances of uniformity and variety probably lies the cause why blank verse has been successful in the one, and unacceptable in the other. While it presented itself only in one form, it was familiarized to the ear by custom; but where it was obliged to assume the different shapes of the lyric Muse, it seemed still a stranger of uncouth figure, was received rather with curiosity than pleasure, and entertained without that ease or satisfaction which acquaintance and familiarity produce. Moreover, the heroic blank verse obtained a sanction of infinite importance to its general reception when it was adopted by one of the greatest poets the world ever produced, and was made the vehicle of the noblest poem that ever was written. When this poem at length extorted that applause which ignorance and prejudice had united to withhold, the versification soon found its imitators, and became more generally successful than even in those countries from whence it was imported. But lyric blank verse has met with no such advantages; for Mr. Collins, whose genius and judgment in harmony might have given it so powerful an effect, hath left us but one specimen of it in the Ode to Evening.

In the choice of his measure he seems to have had in his eye Horace's Ode to Pyrrha; for this ode bears the nearest resemblance to that mixt kind of the asclepiad and pherecratic verse; and that resemblance in some degree reconciles us to the want of rhyme, while it reminds us of those great masters of antiquity whose works had no need of this whimsical gingle of sounds.

From the following passage one might be induced to think that the poet had it in view to render his subject

and his versification suitable to each other on this occasion, and that when he addressed himself to the sober power of Evening, he had thought proper to lay aside the foppery of rhyme ;

Now teach me, Mâid compos'd !
To breathe some soften'd strain,
Whole numbers stealing thro' thy dark'ning vale
May not unseemly with its stillness suit,
As musing slow I hail
Thy genial lov'd return.

But whatever were the numbers or the versification of this ode, the imagery and enthusiasm it contains could not fail of rendering it delightful : no other of Mr. Collins's odes is more generally characteristic of his genius.

It might be a sufficient encomium on this beautiful ode to observe, that it has been particularly admired by a lady to whom Nature has given the most perfect principles of taste. She has not even complained of the want of rhyme in it, a circumstance by no means unfavourable to the cause of lyric blank verse ; for surely if a fair reader can endure an ode without bells and chimes, the masculine genius may dispense with them.

ODE X. TO PEACE.

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ODE XI. THE MANNERS.

From the subject and sentiments of this ode, it seems not improbable that the author wrote it about the time when he left the university ; when, weary with the pursuit of academical studies, he no longer confined himself to the search of theoretical knowledge, but commenced the scholar of humanity, to study Nature in her works and man in society.

The following farewell to Science exhibits a very just as well as striking picture ; for however exalted in theory the Platonic doctrines may appear, it is certain that Platonism and Pyrrhonism are nearly allied ;

Farewel the porch whose roof is seen
Arch'd with th' enliv'ning olive's green ;
Where Science, prank'd in tissu'd vest,
By Reason, Pride, and Fancy dress'd,
Comes like a bride, so trim array'd,
To wed with Doubt in Plato's shade.

When the mind goes in pursuit of visionary systems it is not far from the regions of doubt; and the greater its capacity to think abstractedly, to reason and refine, the more it will be exposed to and bewildered in uncertainty. From an enthusiastic warmth of temper, indeed, we may for a while be encouraged to persist in some favourite doctrine, or to adhere to some adopted system; but when that enthusiasm which is founded on the vivacity of the passions gradually cools and dies away with them, the opinions it supported drop from us, and we are thrown upon the inhospitable shore of doubt—A striking proof of the necessity of some moral rule of wisdom and virtue, and some system of happiness, established by unerring knowledge and unlimited power.

In the poet's address to Humour in this ode, there is one image of singular beauty and propriety. The ornaments in the hair of Wit are of such a nature, and disposed in such a manner, as to be perfectly symbolical and characteristic;

Me too midst thy hand admit,
There young-ey'd healthful Wit,
(Whose je his crisped air
Are plac'd each other's beams to share,
Whom no delights from thee d.
In laughter loos'd attends thy side.

Nothing could be more expressive of wit, which consists in a happy collision of comparative and relative images, than this reciprocal reflection of light from the disposition of the jewels;

O Humour! thou whose name is known
To Britain's favour'd isle alone.

The author could only mean to apply this to the time when he wrote, since other nations had produced works of great humour, as he himself acknowledges afterwards;

By old Miletus, &c.
By all you taught the Tuscan maids, &c.

- The Milesian and Tuscan romances were by no means distinguished for humour, but as they were the models of that species of writing in which humour was afterwards employed, they are probably for that reason only mentioned here.

ODE XII. THE PASSIONS.

If the music which was composed for this ode had equal merit with the ode itself, it must have been the most excellent performance of the kind, in which poetry and music have, in modern times, united. Other pieces of the same nature have derived their greatest reputation from the perfection of the music that accompanied them, having in themselves little more merit than that of an ordinary ballad; but in this we have the whole soul and power of poetry—expression that, even without the aid of music, strikes to the heart; and imagery of power enough to transport the attention, without the forceful alliance of corresponding sounds: what, then, must have been the effect of these united!

It is very observable, that though the measure is the same in which the musical efforts of Fear, Anger, and Despair, are described, yet by the variation of the cadence the character and operation of each is strongly expressed; thus particularly of Despair;

With woeful measures woe Despair—
Low sullen sounds his grief beguile'd;
A solemn, strange, and mingled air!
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

He must be a very unskilful composer who could not catch the power of imitative harmony from these lines.

The picture of Hope, that follows this is beautiful almost beyond imitation. By the united powers of imagery and harmony, that delightful being is exhibited with all the charms and graces that pleasure and fancy have appropriated to her:

Relegat, qui semel percurrit;
Quæ nunquam legit, legat.
But thou, O Hope! with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure!
Still it whisper'd promise'd pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!
Still would her touch the strain prolong,
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She call'd on Echo still thro' all the song;
And where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close;
And Hope enchanted smil'd, and wav'd her golden hair.

In what an exalted light does the above stanza place this great master of poetical imagery and harmony! what varied sweetness of numbers! what delicacy of judgment and expression! how characteristically does Hope pro-

long her strain! repeat her soothing cloles! call upon her associate Echo for the same purposes! and display every pleasing grace peculiar to her!

And Hope enchanted smil'd, and wav'd her golden hair.

legat, qui nunquam leget.

Qui semel percurrit relingat.

The descriptions of Joy, Jealousy, and Revenge, are excellent, though not equally so: those of Melancholy and Cheerfulness are superior to every thing of the kind: and upon the whole, there may be very little hazard in asserting that this is the finest ode in the English language.

ODE XIII. ON THOMSON'S DEATH.

The ode on the death of Thomson seems to have been written in an excursion to Richmond by water. The rural scenery has a proper effect in an ode to the memory of a poet much of whose merit lay in descriptions of the same kind, and the appellations of *Druid* and *meek Nature's Child* are happily characteristic. For the better understanding of this ode, it is necessary to remember that Mr. Thomson lies buried in the church of Richmond.



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